
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

DECEMBER, 1800.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

No need of Latin or of Greek to grace
Our JOHNSON'S memory, or inscribe his grave;
His *native language* claims this mournful space,
To pay the immortality he gave! FLOOD.

OUR readers, we doubt not, will be pleased with the introduction of this celebrated character into our Miscellany. The name of JOHNSON vibrates on every tongue; his maxims are, in many instances, become proverbial; and few remain unacquainted with his numerous and excellent writings. Besides, having given the life of Pope in our last number, who was distinguished for poetry, we now close the year with a masterly *prose writer*, whose fame has reached to the ends of the earth.

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, September 7, 1709, O. S. His father was a bookseller in that city, and died in 1731, at the age of seventy-six. Of the family nothing particular can be mentioned. JOHNSON was rather averse to talking of his relations.

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"There is little pleasure," he once said to Mrs. Piozzi, "in relating the anecdotes of beggary." Having been educated at the Free School of his native city, he went to Oxford in the year 1728. Mr. Murphy observes, that during his abode at college he discovered symptoms of that wandering disposition of mind which adhered to him to the end of life. It is even questioned whether he ever read a book entirely through, except his Bible!

From the university he returned to Lichfield, where his father soon after died, leaving him twenty pounds. He then went on a visit to Birmingham, where he published his first work, a translation of a *Voyage to Abyssinia*, written by Jerome Labo, a Portuguese missionary. About the year 1735 he married Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer in Birmingham, with a fortune of eight hundred pounds, when he immediately set up an academy near Lichfield. He could obtain only seven or eight pupils, among whom was the celebrated David Garrick. But the academy soon dropt, and JOHNSON resolved to seek his fortune in the British metropolis. Accordingly he and his pupil, Garrick, on the 7th of March, 1735, arrived in London together. Garrick soon emerged from obscurity; but poor JOHNSON was left to trudge for years in a state of distress and poverty. In 1738, however, he brought out his poem entitled *London*, though without his name. Mr. Pope observed of it, that "the author, whoever he is, will not be long concealed." He now applied for the mastership of the grammar school at Appleby, but was disappointed.

At this time he wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine, both prose and poetry. From 1740 to 1743, he produced the parliamentary speeches with wonderful ability. The following anecdote on the subject, related by Mr. Murphy, is too curious to be omitted. "Mr. Wedderburne (now Lord Loughborough) Dr. Johnson, Dr. Francis (the translator of Horace) the present writer,

and others, dined with the late Mr. Foot. An important debate towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr. Francis observed, 'that Mr. Pitt's speech on that occasion was the best he had ever read.' He added, 'that he had employed eight years of his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finished a translation of that celebrated orator, with all the decorations of style and language within the reach of his capacity, but he had met with nothing equal to the speech above mentioned.' Many of the company remembered the debate, and some passages were cited with the approbation and applause of all present. During the ardour of conversation JOHNSON remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, he opened with these words: 'That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street!' The company was struck with astonishment."

Having, in 1743, published his valuable *Life of Savage*, and, at different times, other little pieces, he, in 1747, laid before the public *The Plan of the Dictionary of the English Language*. He had entertained the idea of dedicating this work to the famous Earl of Chesterfield; but an interview with that nobleman created a disgust which JOHNSON never overcame. Indeed they could not bear one another. Lord Chesterfield thus characterizes him in his *Letters to his Son*. "There is a man whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace and ridicule the structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink, and mangles what

he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes and misplaces every thing. He disputes with heat, indiscriminately mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity and respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors, and, therefore, by a necessary consequence, is absurd to the two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No; the utmost I can do for him is to consider him a respectable Hottentot!" JOHNSON, on the other hand, has been often heard to say, in his high and decisive tone, "Lord Chesterfield is a wit among lords, and a lord among wits."

In 1749, his *Tragedy of Irene* was exhibited at Drury Lane for thirteen nights, and then consigned to oblivion. Indeed it was fitter for the closet than the stage. This occasioned the curious declaration of his friend Garrick — "When JOHNSON writes tragedy, declamation roars and passion sleeps; when Shakspeare wrote, he dipped his pen in his own heart."

March 20th, 1750, his periodical essays, entitled the *Rambler*, commenced, and closed on March the 14th, 1752. "Of this excellent production the number," says Mr. Murphy, "sold on each day, did not amount to five hundred; of course the bookseller, who paid the author four guineas a week, did not carry on a successful trade. His generosity and perseverance deserve to be commended, and, happily, when the collection appeared in volumes, were amply rewarded. JOHNSON lived to see his labours flourish in a *tenth* edition. His posterity, as an ingenious French writer has said, on a similar occasion, began in his life time."

In March, 1752, his wife died. Her death he greatly lamented, and revered her memory to his dying day.

In May, 1755, his great work, the *Dictionary of the*

English Language, in two FOLIO volumes, made its appearance, and met with an uncommon degree of approbation. It was a work of prodigious labour, and produced in circumstances which cannot fail of exciting our commiseration. Previous to the publication of the work, a diploma for a master's degree was procured from the university of Oxford.

The Idler came out in 1758, and closed in 1760. It contains many admirable papers on subjects of unquestionable utility. During this period his mother died, and he wrote *Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia*, a singular kind of novel. The sum he obtained for this performance enabled him to go down to Lichfield, where he paid the last token of respect to her memory.

In 1762, his majesty granted him a pension of *three hundred pounds* a year; the present Chancellor is supposed to have been the first mover in it. It was a proper tribute of respect to the genius and talents of JOHNSON, enabling him to pass the remainder of his days in comparative ease and prosperity. Some years after the King and JOHNSON had an interview at Buckingham House. His Majesty, amongst other things, asked him, "If he meant to give the world any more of his compositions?" JOHNSON answered, "that he thought he had written enough." "And I should think so too," replied his Majesty, "if you had not written so well!"

Passing over a few insignificant political pamphlets which JOHNSON now published, we proceed to mention his *Tour to the Western Isles of Scotland*, which came out in 1755. "This book," says Mr. Murphy, "has been variously received; by some extolled for the elegance of the narrative and the depth of observation on life and manners; by others as much condemned, as a work of avowed hostility to the Scotch nation."

As an author, we have only to notice one publication more, his *Lives of the Poets*, in four octavo volumes, which began to appear in 1779, but were not finished

till 1781. The work was highly extolled in general, though certainly against some of the poets he has indulged gross prejudice and shameful illiberality. It must, however, be confessed, that in other respects the publication is a treasure of sound criticism and literary information. Many of the paragraphs breathe that manly dignified eloquence for which the pen of JOHNSON was so deservedly celebrated. The dissenters will, in part, pardon his prejudices against them, for having introduced among the poets, *the excellent Life of the great and good Dr. Watts*, and which he concludes in this singular manner: "Happy will be that reader whose mind will be disposed by his verses or his prose to imitate him in ALL but his *non-conformity*; to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God!"

We now hasten to record the illness and death of this great man. In June, 1783, a paralytic stroke affected his speech; and in November of the same year he was swelled from head to foot, with the dropsy. From these alarming symptoms he, however, in some measure, recovered, but again relapsed. After having, at different times, expressed a great fear of death, he at length *quietly* expired, on the 13th day of December, 1784. On the 20th of the same month his remains were interred close to the grave of Mr. Garrick in Westminster Abbey. The monument lately erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral does honour to our national liberality.

Mr. Boswell is his principal biographer, in two *large quarto volumes*, which contain a fund of anecdotes respecting this literary Colossus. Even the conversations in which JOHNSON bore a distinguished part, are detailed with wonderful accuracy. With the exception of a few paragraphs, it is certainly one of the most entertaining books in the world.

In our life of Dr. Towers, for June, 1799, will be found *his* interesting and judicious character of JOHN

son, to which the reader is respectfully referred. But we shall now add the character of JOHNSON drawn by Boswell; it has attracted much attention, for he was most intimately acquainted with him, and the portraiture is sketched with considerable ability; it closes his great work.

"His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue, yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the fears of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye, yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode he had no command or direction of the horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with *his* constitution and habits of life he should have lived *seventy-five* years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame. Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities, and these will ever shew themselves in a strange succession, where a consistency in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent and more difficult to be adjusted; and therefore we are not to wonder that JOHNSON exhibited an eminent example of this remark, which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his

manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian of the high church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices, which, however frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather shew a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the GREAT SOURCE of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste, hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which shewed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence.

“He was afflicted with a bodily disease, which made him often restless and fretful; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or presuming petulance, and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies, even against his best friends! And surely when it is considered that, ‘a-

midst sickness and sorrow" he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable dictionary of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text—*of him to whom much is given much will be required*, seems to have been ever present to his mind in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labours and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was, in that respect a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him, and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him—'If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable.'

"He loved praise when it was brought to him, but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind, a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner, so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom.

"His moral precepts are practical, for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction; for they are founded on the basis of common sense, and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet. Yet it is remarkable that, however rich his prose is, in this respect his poetical pieces in general have not

much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets.

“ Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour ; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry, and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company ; with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it.

“ He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice and a slow deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing ; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best at the moment.

“ Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation ; and from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in shewing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity ; so that when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk, though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness ; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it ; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth ; his piety being the constant and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

“ Such was SAMUEL JOHNSON, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary,

that the more his character is considered the more will he be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence."

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLVI.]

RETIREMENT.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Content, if thus *sequester'd*, I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's praise;
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own!

COWPER.

IT is the part of a wise man to court occasional retirement, and the proper use of it contributes eminently to his improvement. The busy trifler is always in a bustle, and never attends to the concerns of the mind. The sullen monk throws up all the sweets of society for the imaginary good of excessive humiliation. But the individual who listens to the suggestions of reason, and obeys the dictates of revelation, retires at times only from the sphere in which he moves, and then comes back to his station with a renewed appetite for a well directed activity. MR. COWPER has ably explained the duty of occasional retirement; and has specified the employments by which, during our recess, we may be essentially benefitted. Let us listen to these *his last strains*. On many subjects has this bard expatiated to our advantage; here also are many lines addressed to the heart.

The *general desire* to retire is thus well delineated:

Hackney'd in business, wearied at that oar
 Which thousands once fast chain'd to quit no more,
 But which, when life at ebb, runs weak and low,
 All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego,
 The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
 Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
 Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
 Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot;
 Or recollected only to gild o'er,
 And add a smile to what was sweet before,
 He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
 Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
 Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
 And having lived a trifler—die a MAN!

That MR. COWPER's mind was deeply tintured with religion, we have often remarked. The following paragraph appears to be a faithful transcript of it; the picture is stamped by his usual ability:

Opening the map of God's extensive plan,
 We find a little isle this life of man;
 Eternity's unknown expanse appears,
 Circling around and limiting his years.
 The busy race examine and explore
 Each creek and cavern of the dang'rous shore!
 With care collect what in their eyes excels,
 Some shining pebbles and some weeds and shells;
 Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
 And happiest he that groans beneath his weight;
 The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
 And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
 They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
 Pursue their sport and follow to the deep.
 A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes,
 Ask wealth of heaven, and gain a real prize;
 Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace, like that above,
 Seal'd with his signet whom they serve and love,
 Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait
 A kind release from their imperfect state;

And, unregretted, are soon snatch'd away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day !

The *immoderate love* of country houses in citizens is thus satyriized :

Suburban villas, highway side retreats,
That dread the encroachment of our growing streets;
Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air !

Society and retirement are thus summarily depicted—

The tide of life, swift always in its course,
May run in cities with a brisker force ;
But no where with a current so serene,
Or half so clear as in the rural scene !

An *idle man* is thus happily characterized :

An *idler* is a watch, that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as when it stands !

We shall close our essay with his recapitulation of *innocent* pleasures ; these ought to be recommended to the young especially, and we do recommend them strongly to their cultivation. Such sources of enjoyment are sanctioned by reason and religion :

“ RELIGION does not censure or exclude
Unnumber'd pleasures, harmlessly pursu'd ;
To study culture, and with artful toil,
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;
To give dissimilar, yet fruitful lands,
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands ;
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create ;
To mark the matchless workings of the pow'r,
That shuts within its seed the future flower.

Bid these in elegance of form excel,
 In colour these, and those delight the smell;
 Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
 To dance on earth and charm all human eyes;
 To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
 Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
These—these are arts pursu'd without a crime,
 That leave no stain upon the wing of time!

The “wing of time” reminds us of the rapidity of its flight, and of the termination of the *last* month of the expiring year; such a subject may be with propriety recommended to our attention. By the time this paper sees the light, the year 1800 will have been added to “the years beyond the flood,” and thus passes away the transient period of our mortality!

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XLVIII.]

CALCULATIONS.

THE aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, then in that space 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3,407 every hour, or about 56 every minute.

THE inhabitants of the globe are computed to be upwards of eight hundred millions (as above). Of these four hundred and eighty-one millions are supposed to be Pagans. One hundred and forty millions are Mahometans; nine millions are Jews. Only one hundred and seventy millions are called Christians. Of these only fifty millions are protestants and of these, alas! how few are truly evangelical?

THE following is a summary view of the number of Charity Schools in Great Britain and Ireland, according to the best information:

	Schools.	Boys.	Girls.
At London, about - - - -	182	4,442	2,870
In other parts of South Britain	1,329	19,506	3,915
In North Britain, by the account published in 1786	135	5,187	2,618
In Ireland, for teaching to read and write only - - - -	168	2,406	600
In Ireland, erected pursuant to his Majesty's charter, and encouraged by his bounty of 1000l. per annum, for instructing employing, and wholly maintaining the children, exclusive of the Dublin Workhouse School - -	42	1,935	—
	1,856	33,476	10,003

SUNDAY Schools are now pretty common in Great Britain. There are about 1,170 Sunday Schools, and about 75,100 scholars.

THE following calculations of Justice Colquhoun's deserve a place here:—"There are in London about 502 places of worship. One cathedral, one abbey, 114 churches, 130 chapels and chapels of ease, 207 meetings and chapels for dissenters, 43 chapels for foreigners, and six synagogues. About 4,050 public and private schools, including inns of court, colleges, &c. About eight societies for morals, ten societies for learning and arts, 122 asylums for indigent, about 17 asylums for sick and lame, 13 dispensaries, and 704 friendly societies. Charity distributed, 750,000l. per annum." This is a pleasing account; but the following cannot be read without feeling emotions both of sorrow and pity

“ There are about 2,500 persons committed for trial in one year. Annual depredations amount to 2,100,000*l*. Eighteen prisons, 5,204 alehouses within the bills of mortality. Amount of coin counterfeited, 200,000*l*. per annum. About 3000 receivers of stolen goods. About 10,000 servants at all times out of place. Twenty thousand rise every morning, without knowing how they are to subsist through the day.”

THE WORLD.

AN EPIGRAM.

THIS mighty volume which the world we call,
Should we with care but once peruse it all,
And read his art who first could give it frame,
And with *his* power the wildest powers tame,
His providence in every page would shine,
And his paternal love in every line;
But we, like fools, are pleased with outside gold,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if aught should by chance our mind engage,
'Tis some vain picture or an useless page.

COUNT RUMFORD,

IN his ingenious *essays*, ascertains *his* approach towards London by the following curious phænomenon—
“ The enormous waste of fuel in London may be estimated by the *vast dark cloud* which continually hangs over this great metropolis, and frequently overshadows the whole country far and wide; for this dense cloud is certainly composed almost entirely of *unconsumed coal*, which having stolen wings from the innumerable fires of this great city, has escaped by the chimnies, and continues to sail about in the air, till having lost the heat which gave it volatility, it falls in a dry shower of extremely fine black dust to the ground, obscuring the atmosphere in its descent, and frequently changing the brightest day into more than Egyptian darkness. I

never view from a distance, as I come into town, *the black cloud* which hangs over London, without wishing to be able to compute the immense number of chaldrons of coals of which it is composed; for could this be ascertained, I am persuaded so striking a fact would awaken the curiosity and excite the astonishment of all ranks of the inhabitants, and perhaps turn their minds to an object of economy, to which they have hitherto paid little attention.

ON WRITING.

Tell me what GENIUS did the art invent,
The lively image of the mind to paint?
Who first the secret how to colour sound,
And to give shape to reason, wisely found?
With bodies how to clothe ideas taught,
And how to draw the picture of a thought?
Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
A distant language, roving far and near?
Whose softest notes outstrip loud thunder's sound,
And spreads its accents thro' the world's vast round?
Yet with kind secrecy securely roll
Whispers of absent friends from pole to pole;
A speech heard by the deaf—spoke by the dumb,
Whose accents reach long—long time to come;
Which dead men speak, as well as those that live,
Tell me what GENIUS did the art contrive?

SOCIAL BLISS.

TRUE social bliss enlivens like the sun,
Enjoyed by all, yet engrossed by none;
She stoops, enraptur'd, from her heavenly throne,
And makes the pleasures of a world her own.
She, strong as nature, active as the wind
On millions smiles, impartial, unconfin'd,
And with one BOUNDLESS love embraces all mankind. }

ESSAY ON RIGHT CONDUCT.

ALL errors in conduct spring from errors in judgment. We depart from the paths of rectitude, because by false reasoning such a deviation appears productive of pleasure : we are idle and dissipated, because to the ideas of indolence and riot are annexed in opinion those of ease and delight : and we give a loose to passions and desires, because the indulgence of them seems conducive to felicity. In order then to amend the conduct, the impression should be first made on the mind ; in order to induce any one to act virtuously, it should first be shewn to him that virtue is his interest, and to fix him in a habit of rectitude, let it be endeavoured to impress on him a conviction, that by rectitude alone men can be made happy. Let any man be convinced beyond the possibility of doubt, let him have absolute conviction, and let that conviction at all times and in all circumstances be present to his mind, that virtue alone produces felicity ; that all deviation from right is deviation from happiness ; that the indulgence of passion is inimical to pleasure, and the exercise of the social virtues is necessary to self-satisfaction ; such a man would ever act right ; virtue and benevolence would be his delight—vice his abhorrence. Unfortunately such absolute conviction is, perhaps, not attainable : but though perfection lies beyond our reach, much good may be done. Though on account of the imperfection of human faculties we may not be able to effect all we wish, yet by the attempt we cannot fail to accomplish it in part ; and it is even probable that by repeated efforts we may approach to considerable exactness, and approximate considerably near to that point which mortals will never reach—the point of perfection. At least it is worth while to make the attempt ; nothing can be lost and much may be gained.

Should it be urged that men are already convinced, and that there is scarcely an individual of civilized society who does not acknowledge that virtue is the interest, and productive of the happiness of mankind, I reply, that these appearances are fallacious. I am aware that men will agree to the truth of the position in the calm and social hour of conversation; that a sense of shame will induce them to suppress a contrary opinion that may occur; that they may be silenced and confuted by arguments which yet may fail to convince them; that in a cool and dispassionate discourse the excellence of virtue may be apparent, may engage their belief, may even compel the conviction of its necessity; but where is the man over whom this conviction is absolute, who does not, sometimes, forget it? where is he whose equanimity and rectitude can secure his principles in the hour of temptation, of allurements, or danger? where is he, who, when the glories of ambition enchant the soul; when wealth and splendour charm the fancy; when the soft warblings of pleasure lull the soul to ease and delight; when wit and transport frolic round the midnight bowl; when music breathes with fascinating sweetness; and when the alluring form of yielding beauty, persuasive fondness in her voice, love blushing in her smile, and rapture sparkling in her eye, fires the imagination; where is he, in such moments, when the passions run riot, when reason is hood-winked by desire, and every thought lost in ideas of transport, and every wish tuned to the indulgence of enjoyment and the hope of success; where is he, in the hour of desire and of hope, who will remember or regard the excellence of virtue and the precepts of rectitude? where is the man to whose memory it will at such moments occur, or who will not spurn the reflection from his mind, that the good, the temperate alone are happy? Such is the force of situation, such the instability of human resolutions and opinions, that the man, who in the hour of cool and considerate reflection, will sub-

scribe to principles of morality, and fully credit their efficacy and excellence, will, when temptation and allurements assail him; when power, honour, wealth, or beauty court his notice and invite his wishes, in the turbulence of passion despise the counsel of his calmer judgment, and forget, in the delirium of desire, all the evils of indulgence, and all the deductions of reason: all the arguments which before seemed so convincing fail of credit; and those representations of the loveliness of virtue and the misery of vice, which seemed drawn with so much accuracy and energy, fall weak and nerveless to the ground.

It is not every one who professes to credit the excellence and the advantages of virtue; and of those who do, it may fairly be presumed that all do not in reality believe it. Interest to most eyes appears frequently, perhaps most frequently, at variance with honesty and benevolence; and forbearance, self-command, and prudence, diametrically opposite to pleasure. Even of those whose conviction and whose resolutions are most firmly devoted to rectitude, how many become subject to situations wherein, "through the mists of passion and of sense," dissipation, riot, and rapacity, appear the mediums of happiness! How few escape from those struggles of passion, of wishes and expectations, where reason is wrecked and the understanding deserts; where desire directs the storm, and guilt, remorse, misery, and ruin, appear in the clouds of futurity!

Were men truly convinced, and was that conviction adapted to all situations and circumstances, that virtue is the true road to happiness, no situation or circumstances would tempt them to vice or immorality. For no man, not devoid of sense and reason, no rational being would wilfully and designedly undertake an action which he really believed would tend to his misery and awaken his repentance. Before a man commits a criminal action, he must persuade himself that it will conduce either immediately or ultimately to his happiness;

and he will only act under that persuasion. Until then, it is possible to force on men the firm belief that their happiness depends on their actions, and that they will only be happy so far as those actions co-incide with rectitude; until it is possible to press this maxim on their minds with indelible certainty, and so deeply and manifestly to impress it, as that it may, through all changes of time and place be clearly legible; until this is done, we must despair to make even one man, much more mankind in general, strictly and constantly virtuous.

Since, therefore, it appears of so much importance to the interests of morality, and, consequently, to the interests of society, that the maxims of justice, of temperance, of benevolence, should be, in the highest possible degree, indisputable and convincing, it is an interesting speculation to consider by what means this conviction may best be obtained, if it is at all attainable. This enquiry may probably form the subject of a future essay. In the mean while, let it be remarked that the persuasion of the power of virtue must depend solely on the evidence of reason, and that no arguments should be used whose proofs are not in unison with the leading principles of the understanding. No prejudice, however amiable; no maxim or tradition, either moral or religious, however good in itself, which is deficient of certainty and proof in its foundation, should be made the support of consequent positions. Because in a system where absolute conviction is to be the result, the failure even of the smallest link in the chain of evidence would be destructive of the strength and vigour of the whole. Reason is the best and surest guide of man; all men sometimes recur to the reflections of reason; and whenever the reasonings intended for the support of virtue fall short of precision or certainty, then will temptation be resisted without energy, and then will the vigour of its attack undermine and destroy the fabric of morality.

T.

THE
LIFE OF ROMULUS.

AUTHORS do not agree from whom or for what reason the city of Rome obtained that name. Some are of opinion that the Pelasgians after they had overrun the greater part of the habitable world, fixed themselves here, and from their own great strength in war called the city by the name of Rome; this word signifying strength in the Greek language. Others say, that after the taking of Troy, some few that escaped the enemy fortunately meeting with shipping put to sea, and being driven upon the coast of Tuscany, came to an anchor near the river Tiber, where their women being extremely tired by the voyage, it was proposed by one, whose name was Roma, who on account of her noble birth had great authority amongst them, to burn the ships, which was done; hence were the men obliged to settle on the coast, and hence was laid the foundation of Rome.

According to some, Romus, the son of Ulysses and Circe, built it; others say, that it was built by Romus, the son of Ematheon, whom Diomede sent from Troy, and others, that it was founded by Romus, King of the Latins, after he had driven out the Tuscans; nay, those authors who, by the clearest reasons, make it appear that Romulus gave name to that city, differ concerning his birth and family. Their investigations on this head are fraught with entertainment, but too numerous to be noticed here. Suffice it that the most probable relation is this, that his brother Amulis dethroned his brother Numitor, but fearing lest his daughter might have children, made her a priestess of Vesta, which obliged her for ever to lead a single life. This lady some call Ilia, others Rhea, and others Sylvia. However, not long after, she was, contrary to the established laws of the vestals, discovered to be with child, and would have

suffered the most cruel punishment, had not Anthe, the king's daughter, interceded for her. In time she brought forth two boys, extraordinary both in size and beauty; whereupon Amulis becoming yet more fearful, commanded a servant to destroy them. The servant putting the children into a small trough went towards the river with a design to cast them in, but was induced only to drop them near to the bank and went away; the river overflowing, the flood at last bore up the trough, and gently wafted it on a soft and even piece of ground; this place is now called Cermanum, formerly Germanum, probably because brothers are called Germani. While the infants lay here, history tells us a she wolf suckled them, and a wood-pecker constantly fed and watched them. But some say, and with the greatest likelihood, Numitor knew of the infants situation from the first, and privately supplied the expences of their maintenance. In their very infancy the beauty and gracefulness of their persons discovered the natural greatness of their minds, and as they grew up they both were remarkable for strength and bravery; but Romulus rather seemed to excel in wisdom, and to possess an understanding more adapted to political affairs, and in his transactions with his neighbours, whether relating to hunting, or the care of their cattle, made it evident to all that he was rather to rule than to be a subject. They applied themselves to liberal occupations and studies, and disdaining sloth and idleness, were constantly employed in running, hunting, catching of robbers, and delivering the oppressed from injury, upon this account they became famous. At length circumstances discovered to Numitor his grandsons, and to Amulis to his mortification, in Romulus and Remus, two heroes, whose presence and whose courage served to whirl him from the eminence of power; for Remus gaining the city within, and Romulus making an attack from without, the tyrant, unable to contrive

any scheme for his preservation, was taken and put to death.

Amulius now being dead and matters quietly settled, the two brothers would neither dwell in Alba without governing there, nor were they willing to take the government into their own hands during the life of their grandfather. Having therefore resigned the power to him, and shown all proper respect to their mother, they resolved to live by themselves, and built a city in the same place where they were brought up in their infancy.

As soon as they had laid the first foundation of the city, they opened a place of refuge for all fugitives, and hence the city became in a short time very populous. Their minds being intent on building, there arose presently a contention about the place, and we find that as Romulus was casting up a ditch where he designed the foundation of the city wall, Remus obstructed the work, and at last, as he was in contempt leaping over the work, some say that Romulus himself killed him on the spot, others that it was done by Celer, one of his companions.

Romulus having buried his brother * began to build the city, aided by artificers from Tuscany, who directed every ceremony on the occasion. Varro, the Roman philosopher, informs us, that the first stone of Rome was laid on the ninth day of the month Pharmuthi (April) between the second and third hour. The city being now built, Romulus listed all that were of age to bear arms into military companies, each company consisting of 3000 foot-men, and 300 horse. These companies were called legions, because they were the choicest and most select of the people; the rest of the multitude he

* Ah! direful are the freaks of ambition; even an affectionate brother dares to dash his own brother into eternity! but who can reconcile this atrocity to those finer feelings, more or less the possession of all mankind.

called the people. A hundred of the most eminent men he chose for his counsellors; these he styled the patricians, and the whole body of them the senate, which signifies a consistory of old men.

In the fourth month after the building of the city, as Fabius writes, they seized the Sabine women, and this action, though derogatory to justice, may be ascribed to the following cause *. He observed that his city was presently filled by a confluence of foreigners, and that the people were composed too much of obscure persons; hence the necessity of cementing this mass by ties both endearing and honourable, and this, in Romulus's opinion, could only be accomplished by the introduction of the Sabine virgins. This rape was committed the eighteenth day of the month, then called Sextilis, now August. The Sabines were a numerous and a warlike people, and resented the injury done them by waging war against the Romans; many were the direful battles fought betwixt those daring warriors. Romulus gained the first victory, this was a prelude to other engagements, wherein much blood was spilt on both sides. But the most memorable was the last, in which Romulus having received a wound on his head by a stone, and unable to oppose the enemy, the Romans upon that gave ground, and being driven out of the plain, fled to the Palatine Mount. Romulus, by this time being somewhat recovered, endeavoured by force to stop his men in their flight; the fear of those who fled was turned into courage, and they rallied their forces, repulsed the Sabines as far as the palace now called Regia, where both parties preparing to renew the combat, were prevented by a sight strange beyond expression, for the daughters of the Sabines, who had been stolen by the Romans, came running in great confusion on all sides, with miserable cries and lamen-

* But why had not Romulus recourse to amicable solicitation rather than force?

tations, like distracted creatures, into the midst of the army, and among the dead bodies, to come at their husbands and their fathers, some with their children in their arms, others with their hair loose, but all calling alternately upon the Sabines and the Romans in the most tender and endearing words. Both parties melted into compassion and fell back, that they might make room for them betwixt the armies. Now their lamentations were heard by all, and they expostulated so affectingly that a truce was made, and the chief officers came to a treaty. The women, during that time, presented their husbands and children to their fathers and brethren, brought refreshments to those who wanted them, and carried the wounded home to be cured; they shewed also how indulgent their husbands were to them. Upon this, conditions were agreed upon, that what women pleased might stay with their husbands, exempt from all drudgery and labour but spinning, and that the Romans and Sabines should inhabit the city promiscuously together; and that Tatius and Romulus should both govern and command the army in common. The city being thus increased, an hundred of the Sabines were elected senators. The two princes did not immediately join in council together, at first each met with his own hundred, afterwards all assembled together.

It is agreed that Romulus was eminently religious, and well skilled in the art of divination*. He made several laws. He appointed no punishment for real parricide, but called all murders parricide, thinking the one detestable and the other impossible; in which, for a long time, he seemed to have judged rightly; for almost 600 years there was no instance of that crime in Rome; but let thus much suffice concerning these matters.

The Roman cause daily gained strength. The over-

* Plutarch ought to have said, *well skilled in the art of imposition.*

throw of the Veientes, a people of Tuscany, added another laurel to Romulus; this indeed was the last war in which he was engaged. After this he behaved as almost all men who are raised by extraordinary turns of fortune to power and greatness; for, being elated with his successes, he grew more haughty and assuming, and changed his former popular behaviour into the pride and stateliness of an absolute monarch. The senate became jealous of his authority, and his disappearing on the sixteenth day of the month, now called July, but then Quintilis, gave rise to no very favourable suggestions. Indeed there is some thing peculiarly singular in the death, or rather disappearance of Romulus; and while we know that he must have died, we are left ignorant of the circumstances or cause of his death; but sure it is that he disappeared on the above day *. Indeed altogether to deny the power of virtue is an impious and illiberal sentiment, but to confound earth with heaven is as stupidly ridiculous; therefore we must reject such fables, being assured that, according to Pindar,

Our bodies shrink to dust by death's decree,
The soul survives and fills eternity!

For that alone is derived from the gods; thence it comes and thither it returns; not with the body, but when it is most free and separated from it, and is altogether pure and disengaged from flesh. For a virtuous soul is, as Heraclitus expresses it, a pure and unmixed light which flies out of the body, as lightning breaks from a cloud; but that which is immersed in the body is like a gross and cloudy vapour, hard to be kindled, and mounting with difficulty †.

* Plutarch displays a depth of reasoning whilst treating on this head. To him we refer the inquisitive reader.

† Here we discover the exalted philosophy of Plutarch, who evinces in this section his belief in the immortality of the

They say that it was in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his reign, that Romulus left the world.

CARUTH.

AN

EPITOME OF AIKIN'S ENGLAND.

WITH A FEW ADDITIONS.

For the Use of Young Persons.

(Concluded from our last.)

The Three South Eastern are,

SURRY.

LENGTH 27 miles, breadth 37 miles. It has been compared to a piece of coarse cloth with a fine border; its circumference being in general fertile but its middle parts barren; here are the Banstead Downs, noted for its sweet mutton. Epsom Warren, a celebrated race-ground; Boxhill, covered with the largest box trees in England; the White Downs, from their chalky soil; Bagshot Heath and Holm's Dale, from the Holm oak with which it abounds. Rivers—the Wey, Mole, which, near Box-hill, sinks under ground, and appears again at the distance of two or three miles; and the Wandle or Vandal, which rises at Croydon, and remarkable for callico printing on its banks. Products—that of farming countries, rearing of house lamb and hops on the western borders. Towns—Guildford, the Borough of Southwark, Farnham, remarkable for one of the greatest wheat and hop fairs in

soul; a belief worthy of the philosopher and of all mankind.

England; Kingston-upon-Thames, where the assizes are held as well as at Guildford; and Dorking, noted for its poultry. Events—1216, King John signed Magna Charta, in the Runnymede, a meadow on the Thames, between Egham and Staines, in the north western part of this county.

KENT.

Length 36 miles, breadth 58 miles. A great diversity of soil, and also in the face of the country. Southern part called Weald, a fertile tract, and the opulence of its farmers has given them the appellation of the wealthy Kentish yeomen. Products are hops, fruit, and timber. Rivers—Medway, Stour, and Rother. Towns—MAIDSTONE, Deptford, noted for its dock yard and arsenal; Greenwich, famous for its royal park, observatory, and hospital; Woolwich, a great deposit of ordnance and naval stores; here is a royal military academy, and here also are the convicts; Gravesend, where passengers land and embark; all these places, except Maidstone, lie upon the Thames; Chatham, famous for its arsenal and dock yards, the city of Rochester being a place of great antiquity, but of little consequence; Shireness, a fort at the mouth of the Medway for its protection; Feversham, famous for oysters, with Milton; Margate, a fashionable bathing place; Sandwich, Deal, and Dover, the nearest passage to France. Of the inland towns—Canterbury, the metropolitan see of all England; Tunbridge, near which are the famous wells; Sevenoaks; Dartford, where the insurrection of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw commenced; and Swanscomb, near Gravesend, where, it is said, the Kentish men, concealed by boughs of trees, met William the Conqueror, demanding and obtaining their rights; at Feversham James II. was stopped in his flight to France.

SUSSEX.

Length 28 miles, breadth 70 miles, formerly full of forests, but now great sheep-walks, called downs; famous for its fine velvet like turf and the goodness of its wool and mutton. Products—corn, hops, wool, cattle, and timber, its oaks surpassing any other in the kingdom. Rivers—Arun, Dun, Rother, Ouse, and Cockmare. Towns—Rye, Winchelsea, Hastings, Battel, Arundel, Brighthelmstone, and the city of Chichester, Lewes, and Horsham. Events—Near Hastings a battle was fought, 1066, between William the Conqueror and Harold, by which the former came to the English throne; and near Lewes was a bloody battle in the barons wars, 1263, wherein King Henry III. was defeated and made prisoner. In this county and in Kent are the cinque ports;—Dover, Hastings, Sandwich, Winchelsea, and Romney.

Four Southern.

BERKSHIRE.

Length 25 miles, breadth 50 miles. The middle and western parts most fertile; the east chiefly occupied by Windsor Forest. Products are grain, and especially barley, of which vast quantities are malted and sent to London. Rivers—The Thames, which borders all its north side, the Kennet, the Lamborn, and the Loddon.

The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd.

POPE.

Towns—Reading, Windsor, Newbury, Abingdon, and Wallingford. Events—Near Newbury were fought two battles with dubious success, between the forces of King Charles I. and the Parliament, 1643 and 1644,

in the first of which was slain the gallant and virtuous Lord Falkland. In this county is the noted vale of White Horse, so called from the gigantic figure of an horse, rudely sketched on the naked side of a chalk-hill. There is also Windsor Forest, famous for its rural beauties, and for the pleasures of the chase. The castle of Windsor, the abode of his present Majesty, founded by William the Conqueror; and here was born Edward III. who instituted the order of the garter, whose knights are always installed in St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

WILTSHIRE.

Length 50 miles, breadth 35 miles. Soil and face of the country very various, and from the north and middle parts streams are sent to three different parts of the kingdom; the downs are here very large, and divided into Marlborough Downs and Salisbury Plain, where is the famous Stonehenge, a rude collection of vast stones disposed circularly, and some of them joined at the top by a flat piece laid across; concerning its origin antiquarians widely differ. Rivers are Willy, Nadder, Avon, and the Bourn. Products are corn and sheep, of the latter, including lambs, amounts to near 500,000; also cheese, cattle, and swine. Towns—Capital SALISBURY, peculiarly clean by a stream flowing through every street; the spire of the cathedral is the loftiest in the kingdom; Old Sarum, now reduced to a single farm house, yet retaining its privilege of sending two members to parliament; Wilton, Devizes, Bradford, Trowbridge, and Chippenham; the manufactures are chiefly cloth, but there are linen, cotton goods, and gloves. Events—Near Devizes King Alfred defeated the Danes; and near the same place, 1643, at Roundway Down, Sir Ralph Hopton defeated the parliament troops.

HAMPSHIRE OR HANTS.

Length 42 miles, breadth 38 miles, most agreeable county in England, and supports a numerous population. Products—Fine corn, especially wheat, hops, cattle, sheep, wool, bacon, honey, and timber. Forests—The New Forest, East Bene, and Woolmer. Rivers—Avon, Test, Itchen. Towns—Capital WINCHESTER, a place of as much ancient fame as any in England, and has likewise a celebrated public school or college; Portsmouth, the most strongly fortified place and most considerable haven for men of war in the kingdom; the docks, arsenals, storehouses, barracks, &c. are all of capital magnitude and kept in perfect order; Gosport, just across the mouth of the harbour, contains a large naval hospital, near which is the noted road of Spithead, where the men of war anchor when prepared for actual service; Southampton, a resort for sea-bathing; here Canute reproved his courtiers, when the disobedient waves washed his feet; and here the warlike Henry V. mustered his forces destined to the conquest of France; Lymington, near which is Hurst Castle, where Charles I. was confined prisoner previous to his trial. Andover, near which is the village of Wey Hill, which has the greatest fair in England for hops, cheese, and sheep; and Basingstoke, which in the Civil Wars held out a long time for King Charles, and Ringwood, near to New Forest.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Is in Hants. Length 13 miles, breadth 21 miles. In shape it resembles a bird with expanded wings. Southern coast edged with steep rocks, western side is fenced with ridges of rocks, and eastern the safe road of St. Helen's. The island a very beautiful spot, devoted to husbandry, and has no manufacture; produces all kinds of corn, especially wheat and barley. Towns

NEWPORT Capital, Cowes, and Yarmouth, a small fishing place; near the centre of the isle is Carisbrook Castle, the prison of Charles I. more than a year, after he came into the power of the parliament.

DORSETSHIRE.

Length 36 miles, breadth 50 miles. From the mildness of its air and the beauty of its situations, it has been termed the garden of England, very famous for sheep; the whole number kept in the county is estimated at 800,000, and the annual export at 150,000. Rivers—Stour, Frome, Piddle. Products are corn, cattle, butter, sheep, wool, timber, flax, and hemp. Towns are DORCHESTER, Poole, trades to the Newfoundland fishery. Near this place is the Isle of Purbeck, famous for its stone quarries, also for tobacco-pipe clay, exported for the use of the Staffordshire potteries. Here, at Corfe Castle, King Edward, named the Martyr, was stabbed in 979, at the instigation of his step-mother Alfrith; Weymouth and Melcomb Regis united towns, but distinct boroughs, the former famous for its sea bathing; near this place is the Isle of Portland, famous for its freestone, of which Whitehall, St. Paul's Church, the piers of Westminster Bridge, and the whole of Blackfriars Bridge, are built. Its southern point, the Race of Portland, is one of the most dangerous places in the English Channel; Abbotsbury, the centre of a great mackerel fishery on this coast; Bridport, noted for its sail-cloth, sacking, cables, ropes, and nets; and Lyme Regis, where, in 1685, the Duke of Monmouth landed, which ended in his own destruction and that of many others. The more inland towns are Blandford, noted for the manufacture of shirt buttons; Shaftsbury, once a place of consequence; and Sherborne, which has a silk mill and a small woollen manufacture; the clothing manufactures of Dorsetshire are declined, and have, for the most part, migrated into other counties.

The Three South Western are,

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Length 45 miles, breadth 65 miles. Great variety of soil and situation. Here are the Mendip Hills, Quantock Hills, Exmoor, together with the greatest fertility. Rivers—Parret, Ivel, Thone, Brent, Ax, and Avon. Products are corn, lead, and calamine, from Mendip hills, cheese, cattle, goose feathers, and cyder; the great vale of Taunton Dean is peculiarly famous for its fertility. Towns—BRISTOL, famous for commerce, and accounted the second place in the kingdom; Taunton, the scene of many bloody executions by Kirk and Jefferies; Frome, noted for its woollen manufactures; Wells, a joint bishop's see with Bath; Chard, Ilminster, Bridgwater, Watchet, Minehead, Portlock; in this county also is Bath, noted for its baths, the principal season for its waters being spring and autumn; it exceeds in the splendour and elegance of its building all England. Events—Near Bridgewater is Sedgemore, where the Duke of Monmouth was defeated and taken prisoner; and near Selwood Forest were two battles, in one of which the Britons were defeated by the West Saxons, in the other the Danes, by Edmund Ironside. A river island, called Athelney, at the conflux of the Thone and Parret, gave shelter to Alfred, when the cakes were burnt, given to his care by the shepherd's wife; and at Lansdown, near Bath, was a battle in 1643, between Charles I. and the parliament. Victory undecided.

DEVONSHIRE.

Length 70 miles, breadth 64 miles. In size the second in England. Soil and face of the country very various. Southhams, from the river Teign to Plymouth, very fertile; but from Exeter to Cornwall lies the wide barren tract of Dartmoor. Products—More

of a feeding than a corn growing county, famous for excellent native breeds of horned cattle. Rivers are, Towbridge and Taw, flow into the Bristol Channel; Ex, Dart, Tamar, flow into the British Channel. Towns are EXETER, principal city in the West of England; Sidmouth, a fishing town, and frequented for sea bathing; Topsham, serving as the Port of Exeter; Teignmouth, Brixham, a village in Torbay; Dartmouth; Plymouth, next to Portsmouth for the navy; the port called Hamoaze can contain moorings for 80 sail, and some miles out at sea is Eddystone light-house, erected upon a rock, which is covered at high water; on the coast of the Bristol Channel, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Bideford, Tiverton, Crediton, Honiton, Totness, and Axminster, famous for its carpet manufactory. Events—The most remarkable is King William landing at Torbay, November 5, 1688, on his glorious expedition to deliver the nation from a tyrannical bigot against its laws and religion.

CORNWALL.

Length from 50 to 7 miles, breadth 90 miles. From its soil and appearance and climate, one of the least inviting in England. Winters however are mild, snow seldom lies long, frost of short duration, so that myrtles live the year round in the open air. Products are barley, potatoes, cyder, and mineral treasure, particularly tin, which was here an object of commerce to civilized nations, while Britain was a land of barbarians. Its coast abounds with fish, particularly pilchards. Rivers very small, require no other notice than as they are connected with the harbours. On coasting the northern side we come to Bossiney, said to be the birth place of the renowned King Arthur; Padstow Haven; here falls the river Camel flowing from Camelford; St. Ives, and then we come to the Land's End, Penzance, Helstone, near which is the Lizard Point, most southern land in

Great Britain, being somewhat below 50 degrees of latitude; Falmouth, the situation of the packets to Spain, Portugal, and America; Penryn, Truro, Bodmin, and LAUNCESTON, a place which holds the summer assizes; about ten leagues to the west of the Land's End, and easily seen from it; are the Scilly Islands, chiefly the resort of sea-fowls, and a place of shelter for ships in adverse winds; the chief of them is St. Mary's, it has a good port; here, 1707, Admiral Sir Cloudsley Shovel, with three men of war, perished, with all the crew. Cornwall sends forty-four members to parliament, having so many boroughs; and here many skirmishes happened in the Civil Wars of Charles I. whose forces, under Lord Hopeton, surrendered to General Fairfax, of famous memory.

WALES IN GENERAL.

LONG independent and separate from England, and still differs from it in language, manners, and customs, and by the mountainous face of the country. It consists of twelve small counties, six in North and six in South Wales; the latter division has the superiority in population and fertility. All the Welsh counties, except three, touch the sea coast.

The Six Northern Counties, or North Wales.

FLINTSHIRE.

Length 28 miles, breadth 10 miles. Has a ridge of hills running parallel to the River Dee; barren on the surface, but rich in lead, calamine, and limestone; northern extremity grows much wheat, whilst the southern is varied with hills and dales, affording the view

of several ruined castles ; the vale of Mold, uncommonly rich and beautiful. Rivers—Allen, which, near Mold, sinks underground, and is lost for a short space. Towns—**FLINT**, in whose castle Richard II. was delivered into the hands of his rival Bolingbroke ; the diminutive city of St. Asaph, a bishop's see ; the little port of Rhuddlan, near which, 795, Saxons defeated the Welsh, with the loss of their Prince Caradoc ; a plaintive tune, still popular in Wales, was composed on the occasion ; Mold, where the assizes are held ; and Holywell, taking its name from the famous well of St. Winifred, concerning whose waters many superstitious notions have prevailed ; but it is now applied to the more useful purposes of manufacturers, turning many mills in its neighbourhood.

DENBIGHSHIRE.

Length 48 miles, breadth 18 miles. Rugged and mountainous, but softened by a considerable mixture of fertility and beauty ; here is the beautiful vale of Llangollen, the celebrated vale of Clwyd, which is in an high state of cultivation, even far up the ascent of the hills, and is full of towns, villages, and gentlemen's seats ; along this vale runs the river Clwyd. Products—Corn, cheese, and cattle, some lead and some coals. Towns—**DENBIGH**, finely situated, on a rocky declivity above the vales of Clwyd, its castle crowning the top of the hill, forms a striking object ; the town has a manufacture of gloves and shoes, which are sent to London for exportation ; Ruthin, placed in the vale near its head, is a very neat and well inhabited town ; but Wrexham is the most populous town in the county, and indeed in all North Wales ; it is of Saxon origin, and retains the language of an English town. Its church, noted for its gothic ornaments, and by a very large and lofty tower, is the boast of this part of the country.

CAERNARVONSHIRE.

Length 45 miles, breadth is very various, most rugged and truly Alpine district of North Wales. Its central part entirely occupied by the famed mountain of Snowdon. Products—Cattle, sheep, and goats; some copper mines, some lead, and some quarries of a stone excellent for hones, are dug near Snowdon; the Vale of Conway, with a river of that name, is a long narrow tract, equally romantic and beautiful; the rest of the county lies along its extensive sea-coast. Towns—CAERNARVON, a pleasant well built town, and has a castle of remarkable grandeur, built by Edward I. in which he gave the Welsh, according to his equivocating promise, a native prince for their sovereign, in the person of his own son, Edward II. born in this castle; Conway, a small place with a little port, distinguished by the massy remains of its noble castle; and the small city of Bangor, the see of a bishop. Off the westerly part of this county lies the small Isle of Bardsey, once famous for a convent, the resort of numerous monks.

ANGLESEY.

Length 20 miles, breadth 22 miles, separated from the last county by a strait, called Menai. It was, formerly, the celebrated seat of the Druids, the terrific rites of whose religion were performed in the gloom of the thickest groves. Products—Corn and cattle, and its fertility formerly acquired the title of the Nursing mother of Wales; lately have been discovered the famous copper mines on Pary's Mountain, the largest bed of ore of that metal probably known in all the world, and works like a stone quarry, opened to the day. Towns—Principal BEAUMARIS, a neat well built place, with a castle, founded by Edward I.; the decayed town of Newborough subsists only by manu-

facture of mats and ropes of the sea reed grass, which binds together the sandy hills on the coast ; on the western point of the island is Holyhead, a well known place to and from Dublin ; lastly, at the northern point, is the Isle of Seals, whose sides are frequented by vast shoals of fish and seals, which prey upon them.

MERIONETHSHIRE.

Length 36 miles, breadth 34 miles. Less dreary than Caernarvonshire, but varied with a most romantic mixture of all the peculiar scenery belonging to a wild and mountainous region. Beneath the lofty Berwyn Hills spreads the fine vale in which the infant Dee flows, which leads to the lake of Bala, or Pimblemeer, a fine expanse of clear water, embosomed with hills and well stored with fish ; on its banks is the town of Bala, noted for its knit woollen stockings ; above the little town of Dolgellen soars the great mountain of Cader Iris, one of the loftiest in Wales ; in this county also is the small but strikingly beautiful vale of Festiniog ; HARLECH on the coast, though the capital, is a very poor town, distinguished only by its almost entire castle, another work of the great subduer of Wales ; Dovy is the principal river, near the mouth of which are large iron-works ; the only port is Barmouth, on a little arm of the sea, into which several small rivulets discharge themselves, hence the manufactures of the county are exported.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

Length 36 miles, breadth ditto. Here is a greater mixture of fertile vale and plain than several of the Welsh counties ; through the level tracts flows the Severn, rising in the huge mountain of Plynlimmon, situated partly in this county and in that of Cardigan ; the other rivers flowing into the Severn are Vyrnew and Thanet. Products are sheep, wool, flannels, and mi-

neral treasures. No coals being found in this county, they are obliged to use wood or peat for their scanty fuel. Capital MONTGOMERY, a small neat place without trade, and near which the parliament beat the forces of Charles I. in the Civil Wars; Welsh Pool, the principal trading town, being the great mart for flannels; a little below this place the Severn begins to be navigable; Llanidloes, in the midst of the feeding and manufacturing tract, has a great market for woollen yarn.

South Wales.

RADNORSHIRE.

Length 26 miles, breadth 31 miles. The river Wye separates it from Brecknockshire. Springing out of Plynlimmon Hill, very near the source of the Severn, into the Wye, flow several rivulets, of which the principal is the Ython. This county has proportionally more cultivated land than many other Welsh ones; other parts, however, are rugged and mountainous, devoted to the rearing of cattle and sheep. The north western angle is an absolute desert, which was the retreat of the British King Vortigern, after calling in the Saxons to his assistance, turned upon him. Towns are three, lying in a cluster on the eastern side; NEW RADNOR an inconsiderable place; Presteign, neat and well inhabited; and, lastly, Knighton, a place of some trade.

CARDIGANSHIRE.

Length 40 miles, breadth 20 miles. Stretches along the sea coast, which tract was formerly celebrated for numerous towns, now only a few poor villages. Products are barley, sheep, and black cattle, also butter and cheese. The principal river is the Tyvy; several rivulets, taking their rise from the sides of Plynlimmon, run directly across the northern part of the county.

The exports here are black cattle, taken to Kent and Essex, pigs and salt butter to Bristol, and barley and oats to Bristol and Liverpool. The towns are of little consequence. **CARDIGAN**, a tolerable well built and populous town; Aberistwyth, having a small coasting trade, and is a resort for sea-bathing; Rhosfair, near the source of the Tyvy, is noted for its fairs for sheep and black cattle.

PEMBROKESHIRE.

Length 27 miles, breadth 30 miles. A great part of this county is plain, and tolerable fertile. The north-eastern part alone is mountainous, but yields good pasture for sheep and cattle. Products are iron, coals, oxen, salt butter and cheese, and hogs; its fisheries are also valuable. The principal river Cledheu. Towns—**PEMBROKE** is a well built place, but in a state of decline; Haverford West, Milford Haven, and Tenby, famous for oysters; the city of St. David's is a very inconsiderable place, but a bishop's see. Events—Milford Haven, the safest and most capacious harbour in Great Britain, and where Henry VII. landed on his enterprize against Richard III. and near the Cledheu, in the time of Henry I. was settled a colony of Flemings, whose language, manners, and national industry, long distinguished them; the names of places in this part, therefore, are at present different from those of Wales, and English is the current language of the county.

CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

Length 20 miles, breadth 45 miles. General surface hilly, but the vale of Towy extends thirty miles up the country, with a breadth of two miles; near Laugharne is a considerable tract embanked from the sea, and of singular fertility. The principal river is the Towy, and also the Taff. Products are oats, black cattle, butter, fish,

and coals, lime stone and some lead mines. Towns—**CAERMARTHEN**, well built and populous, the first town in South Wales; **Llanelly**, upon an arm of the sea, exports pit coals; **Clandoverly**, where woollen stockings are manufactured, and to the north of it are great lead mines; **Llandilo-wawr**, a small town on the **Towy**, and near which was fought the last battle between the forces of **Edward I.** and of **Llewellyn Prince of Wales**, which proving decisive against the latter, put a final period to the independency of Wales.

BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

Length 29 miles, breadth 34 miles, one of the more mountainous counties of Wales, and affords sublime scenes. The **Vaun**, or **Brecknock Beacon**, is reckoned one of the most lofty mountains in Wales; the land declines towards the banks of the **Wye**, where it is tolerable fertile, as it is also in the vallies watered by its numerous rills; but the proportion of the good land to the bad is estimated only at one fourth. The principal river next to the boundary one of the **Wye**, is the **Usk**, which passes by **Brecknock**, thus described by the poet:

———Usk, that frequent among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,
Wilds, torrents, crags, and woods, and mountain snows.

DYER.

Products—Cattle, sheep, wool, coarse cloths, and stockings. Towns—**BRECKNOCK**, moderately large, well built, and inhabited by several families of gentry; **Builth**, a little town; **Crickhowel**, lower down on the **Usk**, a pretty, but small market town.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

Length 26 miles, breadth 48 miles, northern part mountainous and barren, but the southern terminates in the great **Vale of Glamorgan**, the most fertile part of

Wales, rich in pasture, and well furnished with mineral treasures of coal, lead, iron, and limestone. Rivers are Rumney, Taafe, over which is a stone bridge, called Ponty Pridd, of a single arch, and the largest in the world, being 140 feet in breadth, and 24 feet in height; it was executed by the untaught genius of a common mason in this county; Elwy, Neath, and Tawy. Towns —CAERDIFF. In the ancient castle of Caerdiff, after a cruel confinement of many years, inflicted by King Henry I. died the deposed Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror; Landaff, the see of a bishop. It is observable, that the four episcopal seats Bangor, St. Asaph, St. David, Landaff, are at present four of the meanest and least flourishing towns of the whole principality; Caerphilly, of great antiquity, and noted for the majestic ruins of a castle, the largest in the world, next to that of Windsor; Neath, with a small harbour, and in its neighbourhood are iron forges, smelting works for copper, and coal mines; and, lastly, Swansea, the most considerable commercial town in the county, sending great quantities of coals to Ireland and the southern part of England; it has, also, a considerable trade to Bristol for groceries and shop goods; ships are built here, and it is a resort for sea-bathing; in fact it is, upon the whole, a beautiful county, for Glamorganshire has been reckoned the garden of Wales.

A
TOUR INTO SEVERAL PARTS
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES,
DURING THE MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY, 1800
In Four Letters to a Pupil.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils,
Pullin's Row, Islington.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus ad tutum.*——

VIRGIL

LETTER IV *.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

HAVING informed you at the close of my last letter that I had reached *Pontypool*; here I rested for a few days beneath my paternal roof. The sight of kind relatives and friends, whom you have not seen for a considerable time, invigorates the feelings, and awakens the best emotions of the heart. Such intercourses are of a delicious kind; they are the result of the social law of our nature, and they constitute a *bond of union* among the numberless families which are every where scattered over the surface of the earth!

PONTYPOOL is a small town of Monmouthshire,

* Though *Monmouthshire* be included in the *Oxford circuit*, and on that account is deemed a part of England, yet the *language* and *manners* of the good folks in the country shew that it still has a just claim on being reckoned a part of the princi-

which has risen up in the course of the present century. It owes its existence entirely to the mineral treasures which lie concealed in the surrounding hills. The immense quantities of iron ore and of coal, that are here continually dug out of the bowels of the earth, are truly astonishing. The hammer and the pick-axe are heard to resound in the midst of woods, where used to prevail the profoundest silence; whilst the roaring furnace and the thundering forge shake the vallies through which the brooks were formerly wont to flow with an uninterrupted placidity!

In approaching the place you have no view of the town till you enter it. The windings thither are romantic, and commence from a large handsome stone in the high road, which informs you that you are a *mile* from *Pontypool*, and *one hundred and forty-eight* miles from *London*. After leaving this spot, a wild and variegated scene soon presents itself to view. On the left, stands a huge mountain with a dark and dreary aspect, possessing none of those tokens of fertility which soothe and tranquillize the heart. On the right, lies a hill with a gentle declivity, part of which forms a charming park, where the deer are seen through the vista of lofty trees, frolicking with gamesome festivity. In full front, at the extremity of the park, and close to the town, a gentleman's seat rears its majestic head, suggesting the welcome idea of plenty and hospitality. The mansion is emphatically called *the Great House*, a term peculiarly appropriate; for upon its first erection it must have appeared *immensely great* to persons in this part of the country, where a few huts for the accommodation of workmen were almost the only architectural exhibitions which ornamented this obscure portion of the principality.

The house, however, is large and handsome; it is the palaty of Wales. The author having considered it as *such* in the present letter, the above reasons form his apology.

property of *Capel Hanbury Leigh*, Esq. who resides in it, and who, together with his lady, are beloved for their affability and condescension. His father, *John Hanbury*, Esq. bore a similar character; and after having served the county of Monmouth in Parliament for several years, died, on the 5th of April, 1784, at Rouen in Normandy. His remains were brought home for interment among his ancestors, and the last sad tokens of respect were paid to his corpse by thousands of spectators, with every possible degree of solemnity!

Upon quitting the turnpike road you leave on the right a large fine iron gate, which commands the entrance into the park, at the top of which are ornamentally entwined the initials of the Hanbury family. You then pass over *Pontymoill bridge*, a plain structure of one arch, but a neat plate of which you will find in *A Collection of Tours through the Principality*. Here is a poor village of the same name, where nothing strikes the eye but *wire works*, which are fallen into decay. *Trosnant*, another village, soon appears in view, of larger extent, and in which are some good houses. Quickly after you have a beautiful view to the right of the *Great House*, the stables, and the adjoining park, when you all at once find yourselves entering the sequestered town of *PONTYPOOL*. It consists only of two streets, has one principal inn, but an excellent market on Saturdays, for almost every kind of provision. From the *Cross*, in the center of the place, is pleasing view of gardens belonging to the *Great House*, recently laid out, and in an high degree of cultivation.

It is remarkable that this little town should not have in it either church, chapel, or any kind of meeting-house. The parish church of *Trevethin* stands one mile off, two meetings at a similar distance, and another in the village of *Trosnant*. With respect to the church, it may be accounted for on this principle, that the town being of modern date, it would be much easier

for the inhabitants to frequent the structure already built, than to erect another in its immediate vicinity.

The church is situated on the side of a hill, and therefore requires the effort of many a step to reach it. Great part of the way lies through the midst of a large wood, which renders the approach towards it solemn and impressive. You at last see it at the distance of a long field, placed on an eminence, and encompassed with head stones, those common memorials of mortality. The time of its erection being unknown, we may exclaim with the poet:—

Say, ancient edifice—how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf inconstant bud and fall?
The generations of deciduous man,
How often hast thou seen them pass away!
How often has thy still surrounding sward
Yawn'd for the fathers of the peopled vale,
And clos'd upon them all!

— HURDIS.

The edifice itself may be pronounced a good plain country church; the pulpit has stood many years, having on it this inscription, CAROLUS REX, 1647; and of the few monuments to be found here, that belonging to the family of the *Hanburies* is by far the best, both in point of appearance and execution. The vault stands close to it, with an escutcheon suspended over the door, bearing this common but expressive motto, *In celo quies*—IN HEAVEN THERE IS REST. This sentiment forms a beautiful contrast with the noise and bustle attendant upon earthly greatness, which seldom fails to bring along with it more than an ordinary share of the cares and sorrows of mortality!

The situation of the church is in the highest degree rural, and the prospect must make an impression on the most insensible heart. Having ascended the tower, you find yourself environed by hills of considerable magnitude, on the sides of which she bleating

flocks are scattered in every direction. The rustic cottages here and there shew their heads with their accustomed simplicity. Immediately before you, at the extremity of the horizon, the Bristol Channel presents itself, on the surface of which are seen gliding to and fro vessels of various sizes, whose white sails, by means of the reflection of the sun, heighten and beautify the landscape ! Beyond, the scene is bounded by a fine blue ridge of Somersetshire hills, not far distant from Wells, Bridgwater, and Glastonbury.

Descending from this eminence, you go down gradually into the valley ; and in entering the town you pass by a forge, where the iron from the furnace is again melted down and beaten into different forms for the uses of society. The place has a dark and tremendous appearance. The glowing of so many fires, the roar of so many pair of bellows, together with the reiterated fall of a hammer of near *five hundred pounds weight*, astound the senses, filling them with the most fearful reverberations !

See, pale and hollow-eyed, in his blue shirt,
Before the scorching furnace reeking stands
The WEARY SMITH ! A thund'ring water-wheel
Alternately uplifts his cum'brous pair
Of roaring bellows. He torments the coal
And stirs the melting ore, till all resolved :
Then with vast forceps seizes the bright mass
And drags it glowing to the anvil. Eye
Can scarce attend it so intense the heat.
He bears it all, and with one arm lets free
Th' impatient stream. The heavy wheel uplifts
Slowly, and suddenly lets fall the loud
And awful hammer that confounds the ear
And makes the firm earth tremble. He the block
Shapes to the blow obsequious ; cooler grown
He stays his flood-gate, once again provokes
The dying cinder, and his half done work
Buries in fire. Again he plucks it forth,
And once more lifts it to the sturdy anvil.

There, beaten long and often, turn'd at length,
 'Tis done. He bears it hissing to the light,
 An IRON BAR. Behold it well. What is't,
 But a just emblem of the lot of virtue;
 For in this naughty world she cannot live,
 Nor rust contract nor mingle with alloy.
 So the great judge, to make her worthy heaven,
 Submits her to the furnace and the anvil,
 Till molten, bruised, and battered, she becomes
 Spotless and pure, and leaves her dross behind!

VILLAGE CURATE.

There are here three of these forges, and they generally work both day and night. The noise of their hammers, which scarcely ever ceases, imparts to this retired spot a kind of tumultuous animation. At present, indeed, they are condemned to silence; but it is sincerely to be hoped that they will speedily be set in motion, since on this grand article of manufacture hundreds depend for their livelihood and prosperity.

The *Japan manufactory* in this place is well worth inspection. Its ware need no description; it is every where seen and every where admired. There are, indeed, many imitations of it at Birmingham and other places; but they fall far below the productions of the original manufactory.

Mr. T. Thomas, in his ingenious *Address to the Inhabitants of Pontypool*, (inserted in the Monthly Visitor for September last,) has happily delineated *the rise and progress of the Iron works* in this town and its vicinity.

A canal has lately been made close to the town, at an immense expence, by which ore and coal are conveyed from their native beds down to Newport, ten miles off, on the Bristol Channel, whence they may be transferred to any part of the habitable world. The banks of the canal afford a pleasant walk to the inhabitants, presenting a rich and variegated prospect of the country.

Before I quit my present subject, shall just notice the *apparitions* and *fairies* with which Wales is said to abound. A venerable minister, Mr. Edmund Jones, now deceased, published some years ago a pamphlet, in which were detailed all the tales of the kind which he could muster up throughout the principality. I now sought for this book, but in vain ; probably parents had *wisely* committed it to the flames. I read it when a boy, and under its influence have been fearful of my own shadow ! The tales consisted of a relation of dreadful noises and hideous appearances, all of which it is more than likely originated in the imagination of those who first detailed them.- Superstition is ever conjuring up her airy phantoms, and pouring her marvellous tales into the ear of credulity. But the rays of science will disperse these remaining shades of darkness, and in the mean time, cherishing the favour of the Supreme Being, we ought to rely on his care and protection with the utmost cheerfulness and serenity.

As to *fairies*, many a droll story is told of them ; and their being inclined to merriment and diversion made me often wish for a sight of them. My wish, however, was never gratified. They are, in general, said to appear on the side of a mountain in the early dawn of the morning, for some time before the sun arises, which sends them to their abodes of invisibility. A gentleman once assured me he had actually seen them at this time dancing in a circle beneath the foliage of an oak, with tokens of joy and festivity. He said there were myriads of various colours, remarkably small in stature, and their music was of that delicate nature that it wrought his soul into ecstasy ! He was eager to approach and join them ; but alas ! before he could reach the spot the sun had made its appearance, and they vanished away. Such was the story to which I once listened with a bewitching pleasure. I am now convinced from subsequent enquiry, that my well-mean-

ing informer must have been mistaken ; that the appearances were only exhalations from the ground, and the sounds only the effect of an imagination which had inordinately longed for such a gratification. As *imaginary* beings they certainly form a proper part of poetic machinery, but ought never to have been admitted among the *realities* of the principality. Dr. Beattie has thus finely delineated these diminutive gentry in his Minstrel :

With merriment and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of *fays* from myrtle bowers advance ;
The *little* warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze,
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along—with many colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze !

It would be impossible to attempt a description of several pleasant walks with which the little town of Pontypool is surrounded. Woods and rivulets meet you in every direction. Accustomed to them from early childhood (being only five years of age when my parents removed hither) I feel a peculiar pleasure in revisiting them, and even a stranger would acknowledge that their beauty and variety entitle them to admiration. Here you may perceive nature sporting herself in ten thousand different forms ; here you may indulge that kind of meditation which is necessary to our moral improvement :

—————Seat of my early years !
Still busy fancy loves with fairy touch
To paint its faded scenes : even now mine eye
Darts thro' the past its retrospective glance,
And calls to view each haunt of sportive youth,
Each long-lost haunt I loved. SOUTHEY.

Having remained at Pontypool for a few days only, I left it the 24th of July, and set out for London.

CARLEON was my first stage, at the distance of eight miles, a charming ride, where I breakfasted with a very worthy family, remarkable for its hospitality. This place was of great consequence in the time of the Romans, when *London*, *York*, and *Carleon* are mentioned as the three principal places in the kingdom. It was then an archbishopric, and thirty British kings are said to have been brought here for interment. A splendid court was kept here, and the famous Prince Arthur, together with the Knights of the Round Table, used here to perform feats of merriment and festivity. Temples, colleges, and baths, once abounded in this place, possessing all the grandeur and magnificence of a metropolitan city. But alas! few vestiges are now to be found. The town is remarkably dull, and has nothing to recommend it to attention. Antiquities indeed are occasionally dug up, which shew its former importance in the scale of society. A castle of considerable magnitude formerly commanded its entrance; but even its remains, sometime ago visible, have now disappeared for ever!

Once to the spot
 They hastened, and beheld the mouldering walls
 Black with the rust of age, and all within
 Silence and waste; while not a sound was heard
 But the wind moaning—not a form beheld,
 Save one that fancy imaged to their mind—
 THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION! She who haunts
 The moss-grown temples and the wild resorts
 Of bats and scorpions; where no mortal steps
 Make the walls murmur with obtrusive sounds;
 But cries and screeches from all hated beings
 Sound evermore, whilst the whole progeny
 Of doleful things that court rank solitude
 Thrive and make merriment. Upon a pile
 She loves to sit of broken monuments,

And o'er the scene casts an exultant eye,
Smiling to view the massy pillars fallen—
The aged altars—trophies—pedestals ;
And where the invulnerable shaft withstands
Her hate and her derision, round she strews
The creeping ivy, with its living shade,
To hide all forms of man !

COTTLE'S ALFRED.

Cærleon church is a venerable object and of some extent. Close by stands a neat free-school, founded by a Mr. Williams, which cannot fail of proving serviceable to the rising generation. Immediately opposite to the church you perceive one of the handsomest houses in the town ; it is inhabited by a respectable family, distinguished for their kindness to the poor. May their humane attention, in these difficult times, meet with an abundant reward !

Near the bridge is a neat little place of worship, and the only one in the town, for dissenters. It belongs to the Baptists, and was built by the late Haman Davies, Esq. who was the friend and patron of religion.

A large boat goes from Cærleon to Bristol every week, carrying thither quantities of iron, and bringing back all kinds of goods for the use of the country. About two miles below the town, on the side of the river, may be seen the old mansion of St. Julians, and two miles farther down, stands the town of Newport, which carries on a considerable trade, with places lying on the shores of the Bristol Channel. A handsome stone bridge has been just erected here by the son of the architect, who built the far-famed arch of *Pont-y-pridd*, near Cærphilly, in Glamorganshire. The church of Newport rears its head on an eminence, whence there is a charming prospect towards every part of the horizon.

As I was directing my course to Bristol, the *New Passage*, was the object of my destination. Upon leav-

ing Cærlon, you perceive on the summit of the hill the battered structure of *Christ Church*, even at a distance exhibiting to the most superficial eye marks of its antiquity. Riding on about ten miles we came to *Cærlent*, a place of consequence in the times of the Romans; but now rural in its aspect and variegated in its scenery. A Roman pavement was discovered here some years ago, which I turned aside to inspect, and was sorry to find it in a shattered condition. It was walled round in the centre of a field; but for want of being covered, and from the circumstance of every visitor taking away a piece of it, the ancient figures were nearly obliterated.

Upon reaching the *Passage-house*, we were not able to cross for some hours. The Severn is here about three miles wide; and it was diverting to behold the great number of porpoises tossing and tumbling on the surface of the tumultuous tide! The *hoarse-resounding* * Severn takes its rise in Montgomeryshire, passes by Shrewsbury, Worcester, Gloucester, &c. then loses itself, by means of the Bristol Channel, in the wide waves of the Atlantic Ocean. When our patience was almost exhausted, we met with a small boat, and got over with ease and speed. A stage immediately conveyed us the remaining twelve miles to the famous city of Bristol.

BRISTOL is said to have been founded by Brennus, near four hundred years before the birth of Christ. It is also in the list of the fortified and eminent cities that were in Britain in the year 430, when the Romans abandoned the island. In the subsequent periods of our history it makes a conspicuous figure, particularly for its extent and population. In the year 1211, King John laid a heavy tax upon all the Jews throughout his dominions. One of the unfortunate race of Abraham, residing in Bristol, resisted the tax, for which he was

* Milton.

fine 10,000 marks. This sum the obstinate Jew refused to pay, which so exasperated the King, that he commanded one of the Jew's teeth to be drawn every day till he complied. He had but *eight*, and suffered seven of them to be pulled out, when he paid the fine rather than part with the last tooth! We are also told that King Henry VII, with the Lord Chancellor, came to Bristol, in the year 1490, and kept his court at St. Augustine's Back. The citizens, willing to shew his Majesty all the respect they could during his residence, arrayed themselves in their best clothes. The king, however, thinking some of their wives rather too finely dressed for their station, ordered every citizen who was worth twenty pounds in goods, to pay twenty shillings, because their wives went so sumptuously apparelled! In the reign of Charles I. this city was stormed and taken by the King's army; but, afterwards, Fairfax took it from Prince Rupert, which greatly chagrined the royal party. Oliver Cromwell ordered its castle to be pulled down and rased with the ground.

Bristol, on account of its size, trade, and populousness, has been reckoned the *second* city in the kingdom. It contains nineteen parish churches, besides chapels and various meeting-houses for protestant dissenters; that of the presbyterians is spacious, elegant and of modern erection. The cathedral is a venerable pile, and contains several fine monuments. Here, on the tomb of Mrs. Mason, the wife of the poet, are these beautiful lines, written by her husband, which cannot be too much admired for their seriousness and simplicity.

Mary, the Daughter of William Sherman,
Of Kingston upon Hull, Esq. and Wife of the
Reverend William Mason, died March 27th, 1767, aged 28.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear,
Take the best gift which heav'n so lately gave!
To BRISTOL's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave—

And died. Does youth—does beauty read the line?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?

Speak dead Maria! breathe a strain divine!

Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste—be innocent like thee;

Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,

And if so fair, from vanity as free,

As firm in friendship and as fond in love.

Tell them, tho' tis an awful thing to die,

('Twas e'en to thee!) yet the dread path once trod,

Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,

And bids the *pure in heart* BEHOLD THEIR GOD!

Bristol has been long famed for the extent of its mercantile concerns; and its river, crowded with shipping, makes a most commercial appearance. Its quay is generally strewed with articles from almost every clime, though the trade most cultivated here belongs to the western world.

Colston's school is an admirable charity, and its scholars wear on their breast the figure of a *dolphin*, in brass; to which embellishment hangs this tale: COLSTON, a rich West Indian merchant, was coming home with a ship which contained all his treasure. She sprung a leak, and after having pumped for a long time, day and night, those on board were every moment on the brink of going to the bottom. At once, to their perfect astonishment, they found the leak stopped, and bore on joyfully to the desired haven, when, upon examination, it was found that a *dolphin* had providentially squeezed itself into the hole, and thus saved them and their all from destruction! Colston, therefore, ordered this emblem of a dolphin to be worn both as a signal of his deliverance and gratitude.

In this city the Baptists have an institution, entitled the *Education Society*. It has been enriched by various legacies, particularly by the valuable library of Dr. Lewellyn, as well as that of Dr. Gifford, for many years Sub-librarian to the British Museum. Several

curiosities, together with a painted window, are entitled to attention. The society greatly flourished under the superintendence of the Reverend Hugh Evans, A. M. and his son the Reverend Caleb Evans, D. D. two excellent tutors, eminently distinguished for their benevolence and piety. The latter died August, 1791, in the 54th year of his age, and to *his* kindness I feel myself under the highest obligations. Young men are in this place educated for the Christian ministry; and here, I speak from my *own* experience, are to be found ample means of moral and intellectual improvement.

One evening, during my stay at Bristol, I visited a burying ground, and strayed awhile among the tombs. Here are two neat monuments to the memory of two excellent characters who were brothers, *Dr. John Wright*, and the *Reverend Thomas Wright*, with appropriate inscriptions. The former was a physician, the latter a dissenting minister for near half a century. I sought this spot chiefly because it contains the ashes of an excellent *maiden aunt*, to whom my earliest years stand much indebted, and who possessed a considerable share of good sense, accompanied with the most unaffected piety. Indeed, my young friend, cemeteries of every kind are interesting to the contemplative mind!

'Tis pleasant in the *peaceful, serious* hour,
To tread the silent sward that wraps the dead,
Once our companions in the cheerful walks
Of active life—the same ere long
In the dark chambers of profound repose!
All have their *kindred* here—and I HAVE MINE.
To DIE—what is it but to sleep, and sleep,
Nor feel the weariness of dark delay
Through the long night of time, and nothing know
Of intervening centuries elapsed,
When thy sweet morn, *ETERNITY*, begins?
Or else—what is it but a welcome change
From worse to better—from a world of pain
To one where flesh at least can nothing feel,

And pain and pleasure have no equal sway ?
 What is it—but to meet *ten thousand friends*,
 Whose earthly race was finished ere our own,
 And be well welcome, where the timorous feet
 Feâr'd to intrude, and whence no foot returns ?

HURDIS.

The *Hotwells* stand on the banks of the river Avon, about two miles below Bristol. The situation is most romantic. At the bottom of a steep rock you see nothing of the house where the water is drank till you almost enter it. A woman hands you the salubrious draught, for which no charge is made, the attendance being paid by subscription. On one side you behold the vessels gliding down the river with a remarkable rapidity, whilst, on the other side, you perceive piles of bottles filled with the water, and ready to be conveyed to every part of the world. Its efficacy is most felt in consumptive cases, with which our island abounds, arising from the sudden variations of its atmosphere ! Great cures have been wrought here, whilst other unhappy sufferers, falling a prey to the ravages of this cruel disorder, have been doomed to the anguish of disappointment.

In the chapel belonging to the *Hotwells* lie interred the remains of *Sir James Stonhouse, M. D.* the friend and physician of Doddridge and Hervey. He latterly entered the church, used to preach at All Saints, where I have often heard him with pleasure ; and from his letters just published, it appears that he discharged with fidelity the duties of the Christian ministry.

Winding up the side of a steep hill, from which there is a tremendous declivity down to the bed of the river, and also a beautiful prospect of St. Vincent's rocks, you at last gain the summit, on which stands the charming village of *Clifton*. The numerous elegant buildings are chiefly inhabited by the company who frequent the wells. Here also, for the accommodation of beauty and

fashion, the decorations of female dress may be obtained in their utmost perfection.

Before I quit Bristol I must mention *two* remarkable geniuses who were connected with it in the course of the present century.

Richard Savage, the poet, and intimate friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his early years, lies buried in this city, close to the Mint, in the church-yard of St. Peter; his grave was pointed out to me, though not the smallest stone seems to have been erected to his memory. The incidents of his life are, perhaps, the most remarkable in the annals of biography. Take the following sketch, which is to be found in a recent publication.

“ *Richard Savage*, an unfortunate English poet, was the natural son of the Countess of Macclesfield, by the Earl of Rivers; for that lady confessed the adultery in order to be divorced from Lord Macclesfield. This declaration she made on the day of his birth, January 16th, 1697. She then resolved to discard the fruit of her illicit love totally, and committed him to the care of a poor woman, with the injunction never to inform him of his birth. She also prevented the Earl of Rivers from leaving him a legacy of 6000*l.* by informing him that the child was dead. At a proper age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but how long he remained at the last does not appear. On the death of his nurse he found some papers which disclosed to him the circumstance of his origin. He then tried, but in vain, to rouse the feelings of his mother; and being reduced to great straits, he commenced writer for the stage, and produced his “ *Sir Thomas Overbury*.” His life, however, was very irregular, and having in a drunken fray killed a man, he was condemned to die, a sentence which his mother endeavoured to get executed! but some of his friends interfered so effectually as to procure a reprieve. On recovering his liberty, Lord Tyrconnel took him into his family, but he did not long re-

main in this situation, and was again plunged into all the extremity of want. Queen Caroline settled on him a pension of fifty pounds a year, which ceasing at her death, his friends exerted themselves in his behalf, and sent him into Wales, with an intention of allowing him a salary sufficient for his maintenance. There he wrote a tragedy, and set out for London to get it performed; but stopping at Bristol in his way, he got into debt and was thrown into prison, where he died in 1743. The best of his poems is the *Bastard*. All his works were printed in two volumes octavo, with his life, written by Dr. Johnson."

Fixing my eyes on the spot where the remains of this singular man have long ago mingled with their kindred earth, many serious ideas rushed across my mind. I more particularly recollected the impressive lesson which Dr. Johnson has drawn from his history, and which by *you*, my young friend, ought never to be forgotten. It closes the narrative—"This relation will not be wholly without its use, if those who languish under part of *his* sufferings shall be enabled to fortify their patience by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of *Savage* did not exempt him; or those, who in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the *common maxims of life*, shall be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

The other genius is the unfortunate *Chatterton*. He was a native of this city, educated at Colston's school, and here lived with an attorney. He came to London, wrote for the booksellers, and at the end of a few months, being nearly starved, he, in a fit of despair, poisoned himself! His talents were unquestionable, and his end to be lamented. He brought forward some beautiful ancient poems, said by him to be the production of one Rowley, a monk of the 15th century; whilst others contend that they were of his own fabrication.

The circumstance, soon after his death, occasioned a violent controversy between the first learned characters of the age! It is certainly very extraordinary, that a lad of seventeen years of age, bred at a charity school, and confined perpetually in an attorney's office, should be able to produce such a quantity of various poetry, accompanied by such an air of antiquity! Yet the production is now generally deemed to be his own forgery.

Dr. Gregory has written a life of Chatterton; and Southey, the Poet, is at this time benevolently procuring a subscription for the publication of his works, which is designed to benefit his poor sister and her family. Surely so benevolent a proposal ought to meet with due encouragement.

Dr. Vicesimus Knox has made the following address to the memory of *Chatterton*, in his Essays. "Unfortunate boy! poorly wast thou accommodated during thy short sojourning amongst us; rudely wast thou treated—sorely did thy feeling soul suffer from the scorn of the unworthy; and there are, at last, those who wish to rob thee of thy only meed, thy posthumous glory. Malice, if there was any, may surely now be at rest; for—cold he lies in the grave below! But where were ye, O ye friends to genius, when stung with disappointment, distressed for food and raiment, with every frightful form of human misery painted on his fine imagination, Chatterton sunk in despair? Alas! ye knew him not then—and now it is too late——

For now he is dead;
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

So sang the sweet youth, in as tender an elegy as ever flowed from a feeling heart."

From Bristol I directed my course through the pleasant village of Keynsham to Bath, the distance being twelve miles; and stages are to be obtained every hour of the day.

VOL. XI.

K k

BATH is a delightful city, both on account of its buildings and its waters, which are celebrated throughout the world. It is said to have flourished even before the Romans visited this island, who afterwards called it the *Waters of the sun*. It was rather neglected by the Saxons, by whom it was, however, denominated the *City of valetudinarians*. The present abbey was built in 1137, and adjoining to it was a large monastery, but no other remains of it are now to be seen, except a gate-house, which the chapter used to let out in lodgings. In 1687, when James the Second had abolished the penal laws against popery, he visited the west of England, accompanied by his queen, and they lodged some weeks in the gate house. It was also during their stay at Bath the Queen first declared herself pregnant with that child, afterwards called the *Pretender*, whose pretensions to the crown of England occasioned the ruin of many families in different parts of the kingdom. The circus, crescents, and other buildings in Bath, are, on account of their neatness and uniformity, beautiful beyond description. The city is, likewise, encircled with hills in the form of an amphitheatre; and the houses reach nearly to the top of some of them. The air is remarkable for its salubrity. To use the words of the ingenious Mrs. Chandler :

Blest source of health ! seated on rising ground,
With friendly hills by nature guarded round ;
From eastern blasts, and sultry south secure,
The air's balsamic, and the soil is pure !

The number of hot baths are five ; — the King's bath, the Queen's bath, the Cross bath, the Hot bath, and the Leper's bath. There is also one Cold bath. The manner in which these waters are said to have been found out is almost too fabulous for belief. Prince Bladud, son of the eighth king of the Britons from Brute, had, it seems, a leprosy, which occasioned his running away from court, and, by way of disguise,

engaging himself as a feeder of swine, he gave *them* also the disorder with which he was afflicted. The swine disappeared, he went in search of them, and after some time found them dabbling in these waters perfectly cured; he instantly stripped, plunged in along with them, and partook of the same recovery. Such is the story on record, and poor Bladud has his bust over one of the baths; where, had he the power of speech, he would, no doubt, gratefully expatiate on their astonishing efficacy! But whoever first discovered these waters, they have, certainly, proved beneficial to the human frame, in a variety of important cases. Many a valetudinarian has thrown away his crutch and leaped for joy! The Pump Room, where the water is drank, is of considerable extent, with a gallery for a band of music at one end, and, at the other end, in a niche, stands the full length statue of Richard Nash, Esq. commonly called *Beau Nash*, who was Master of the Ceremonies many years in this city. Indeed to him are the citizens indebted for having restored the place by his incessant activity, and his wise regulations, to an uncommon degree of prosperity. He is here represented as when living, with his waistcoat opened almost to the bottom, and a *white hat* under his arm. He died here at an advanced age in the year 1761, and his death was sincerely regretted by the inhabitants. With all his foibles, he was eminently charitable, and exerted himself with zeal in the establishment of the Infirmary, a circumstance honourable to his memory. An anecdote is told of him too singular to be omitted. When he brought in his account to some gentlemen, among other articles he charged—*For making one man happy, 10l.* Being questioned about the meaning of so strange an item, he frankly declared, that happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife, and a large family of children, that 10l. would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, that if they did not choose to acquiesce in the charge, he was ready to re-

fund the money. The gentlemen, struck with such an instance of good nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.

Bath, besides its cathedral, which has many fine monuments, contains several parish churches, and also meeting houses for the methodists and dissenters. Here is also a theatre; and Sydney gardens, recently laid out, with many delightful walks, are in the vicinity of the city.

From some parts of Bath is seen the pleasant seat of *Prior park*, where Ralph Allen, Esq. resided for many years. He was, originally, in the lower ranks of life, but by the establishment of the cross posts raised himself to great opulence. POPE often visited at Prior Park, and here he introduced Warburton, who afterwards married Mr. Allen's niece, which eventually elevated him to the bishopric of Gloucester. Allen was partial to the literati, and treated his friends with uncommon hospitality. The gardens adjoining the mansion are spread out on the declivity of the hill. In one of the walks the water seems as if gushing out from a rock, and near it is a statue of Moses, with a staff in his hand. He appears in an attitude expressive of the admiration he must have felt after having struck the rock, and seen the water instantaneously flowing from it!

The following singular circumstance, illustrative of the character of Pope, took place at *Prior Park*, and is related by Dr. Johnson, in these words — "Pope brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected re-payment of his benefactions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where she comported herself with such indecent arrogance, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcilable dislike, and the door was for ever barred against her. This exclusion she resented with so much bitter-

ness, as to refuse any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to resist the violence of her temper, or perhaps with the prejudice of a lover, persuaded that she had suffered improper treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the hospital at Bath, observing that Pope was always a *bad accountant*; and that if to 150l. he had put a cypher more, he had come nearer to the truth."

Before I took my leave of Bath, I had the pleasure of being introduced by a gentleman to the Reverend Mr. Warner, the pedestrian tourist *through Wales and part of the West of England*. He is a pleasing writer, and his *Antiquities of Bath* are creditable both to his ingenuity and industry.

In my route to London we passed through *Calne*, *Marlborough*, and *Newbury*, places of no great consequence; and soon reached Reading, the capital of Berkshire. Travelling this part of the road by night, a sketch of the places cannot be expected. The evening, however, came on so gently, characterised by its interesting stillness, that I amused myself by fixing my eye on the firmament, till it was in a glow from one end to the other with the brightest of the constellations! Orion with his belt shone with a more than usual splendor. How magnificent are the works of nature! how worthy of our serious contemplation!

When the bright orb of ruddy eve is sunk,
And the slow day-beam takes its last farewell,
Retiring leisurely, how sweet to mark
The watery scintillation of the star
That first dares penetrate its flimsy skirt,
And, as the subtle medium steals away,
Refin'd to nothing, bright and brighter glows!
How cheerful to behold the host of night,
Encourag'd by example, fast revive,

And splendid constellations, long extinct,
In quick succession kindle !

HURDIS.

READING was in repute under the Saxon kings, and is, at present, a place of some extent and population. The streets are wide, and several of the houses handsome. The town is divided into three parishes, each having its church ; there are, likewise, meeting-houses for the dissenters, and one for the quakers. Malt is its principal article of trade, and is chiefly sent to London. The town was besieged, in the time of Charles the First, by the parliament, to whom, at last, the royal garrison yielded, marching out with the honours of war !

MAIDENHEAD, a middling town, was the next place at which we arrived ; it has many good inns, being a thoroughfare to the metropolis. Near it stands the village of *Bray*, famous for the incumbent belonging to its church in the sixteenth century. The story is thus related—At the time Henry the Eighth shook off the papal supremacy, the *Vicar of Bray* preached in the most zealous manner in favour of the church of Rome. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, when Protestantism was established by act of parliament, the vicar renounced his former principles, and became a strenuous advocate for the Reformation. On the accession of Queen Mary, he again vindicated the church of Rome, and became a zealous Papist, inveighing with great acrimony against all those worthy persons who abhorred the Romish religion. He enjoyed his benefice till the reformed religion was established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when he once more changed with the times, and enjoyed his vicarage till his death ! Hence his conduct gave rise to a proverbial expression that has been ever since preserved ; that when any *time-serving* person complies with different modes of government for the sake of emolument, he is compared to the VICAR of BRAY ! Such versatile characters reflect no great

honour on human nature ; but, alas ! they are not unfrequent among mankind !

After leaving Maidenhead, on the right the stately towers of *Windsor* rise to view, the favourite residence of his present Majesty. The town itself has little to attract notice ; but the castle has been occasionally, for 700 years past, the abode of the kings of England ! It was built by William the Conqueror, and is situated on a hill, whence there is a delightful prospect ; the Thames, and its beautiful meadows, together with the fields and forest, all conspiring to fill the mind of the beholder with admiration ! From the summit of the round tower can be seen the following counties : Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Bucks, Oxford, Wilts, Surry, Sussex, and Bedford. St. George's Hall is reckoned one of the grandest in Europe, and is embellished with very elegant paintings. The chapel of St. George is a most complete piece of gothic architecture, and perhaps the best finished in the world. It was built by Edward III. in honour of his new order of the garter, and dedicated to St. George, the titular guardian of England. The houses of the *Poor Knights of Windsor* are called the Royal Foundation. The intention of Edward III. was only to provide for such as were weak in body and in low circumstances, not having a sufficiency to live in so genteel a manner as became a military profession. When the King is here, the flag waves from the Round Tower ; and on the terrace his Majesty and his numerous family often walk, and converse with the greatest familiarity.

I could not help remarking, that in surveying this palace, and also those gentlemen's seats which are decorated with paintings, our SAVIOUR's portrait generally presents itself to view ; and that between *most* of them, though executed by very different hands, there may be observed a striking similarity. How far they may be pronounced just representations of the original, it is im-

possible to say, nor can I ascertain whence the artist derives his ideas on the subject. I indeed lately met with the following passage in an old author of the last century, which deserves transcription : “ *Lentulus*, the proconsul, in that epistle written to the Roman senate, which goes under his name, who residing at Jerusalem at the time of the death of our Saviour, gives this description of him. At that time there was one JESUS, who was called of the nations the *Prophet of Truth*. A man goodly to behold, having a reverend countenance, his stature somewhat tall, his hair after the colour of the ripe hazelnut, from his ears somewhat crisped, parting itself in the midst of his head, and waving with the wind, after the manner of the Nazarites ; his face without wrinkle, mixed with moderate red ; his beard somewhat copious, tender, and divided at the chin ; his eyes grey, various, and clear. He was in rebuke severe, in instruction wonderful—cheerful with gravity. He sometimes wept, but was never seen to laugh ; in talk full of understanding, sparing, and modest.” Such is the curious description given by Mr. Thomas Grantham, in his book entitled the *Ancient Christian Religion*. But it is to be regretted, that this author does not inform us where this epistle is to be found, and whether we may rely on its authenticity. Dr. Lardner is silent on the subject. Certain it is, however, that most of the portraits of our blessed Saviour exhibit features expressive of solemn thought, in conjunction with the most consummate meekness and humanity !

In approaching Windsor, you perceive, to the right, the town of *Eaton*, whose college or school is not exceeded by any in the kingdom. It was founded and endowed by Henry VI. in the year 1441, as a nursery for King’s College Cambridge, and it has produced some of the greatest men that ever did honour to their country. Here *Gray*, the poet, was educated, and those lines from his *Ode to Eaton College* suggested themselves to my mind with peculiar energy :

Ye distant spires ! ye antique towers !
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her HENRY'S holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights, th' expanse below,
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey ;
Whose, turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary THAMES along,
His silver-winding way !
Ah ! happy hills—ah ! pleasing shade,
Ah ! fields belov'd in vain ;
Where once my *careless childhood* stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a *second* spring !

Re-crossing the Thames, and returning to the London road, you observe, to the left, the TELESCOPE of HERSCHEL, with its large and magnificent apparatus. It stands in the open air, appears to be considerably elevated, and is encircled with a complicated scaffolding, by which its steadiness is secured. The concave face of its great speculum is *forty-eight inches* of polished surface in diameter, and weighs near *two thousand one hundred and eighteen pounds* ! With proper eye glasses it magnifies above *six thousand times*, and is the largest instrument, and has the greatest magnifying power of any that has been made. By its aid Dr. Herschel has been able to observe the lightning in the atmosphere of the moon, and has found out several celestial bodies, unknown to preceding astronomers. The whole was finished on August the 28th, 1789, on which day the *sixth* satellite of Saturn was discovered. The observer, suspended at the end of the instrument, with his back towards the object he views, looks down the

tube, and sees the image reflected from the mirror; whilst a man below turns gently round the instrument to accord with the apparent rotatory motion of the heavens, thus preserving the image of the object on the mirror with astonishing stability! I have mentioned, my young friend, these particulars respecting this TELESCOPE, because to *you* they will be peculiarly acceptable. In the course of your studies you have shewn a predilection for astronomical investigation, and have frequently expressed your pleasure in contemplating both the planets and fixed stars, which are scattered through the immensity of creation! Such researches, indeed, bestow a pleasing expansion on the mind, and raise within us the most profound conceptions of the Deity.

On my way to town I rested for a few hours very agreeably at the *cottage* of a much respected friend near Hounslow, who, together with his lady and numerous family, are here secluded from the noise and bustle of the adjacent metropolis!

Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.

COWPER.

Kensington was the only place through which I afterwards passed deserving of particular notice; for here stands the palace where the great King WILLIAM breathed his last, after his laborious and successful struggles in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Precious be his memory! May the rights which HE secured to us by the glorious Revolution of 1688 be preserved inviolate to the latest posterity!

Upon reaching *Islington*, it was impossible for me not to feel grateful for the preservation which I had expe-

rienced, nor could I help feeling a more fervent attachment to my native country, where the beauties arising both from nature and art had for some weeks past met my eye in quick and constant succession!

Hail Albion! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
The vig'rous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White winged snow, and cold and pearly rain
Frequent attend with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of mists and vapours! These thy sons,
With their cool arms compress, and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons rose.

See, the sun gleams; the living pastures rise
After the nurture of the fallen show'r,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
BRITANNIA? Happy if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade
And ports magnific add, and stately ships
Innumeros!

DYER.

Such is the conclusion of this *imperfect sketch of my Tour*, enlivened by a few poetical extracts, with which you, my friend, requested me to furnish you; and thus, according to the spirit of my motto, are we rapidly borne along to the termination of our mortal career! It becomes us to indulge the serious consideration; for at this moment the *flight of time* is most eloquently impressed upon us by the expiration of a century! Under the awful sensations, however, which the lapse of time

necessarily excites—how pleasing the idea, that the progress of events tends to the melioration of our species! how animating the prospect of that period, when, agreeable to the word of ancient prophecy, happiness shall embrace the whole creation of **GOD**!

Sincerely hoping that these *four* Letters, (the drawing up of which has amused my leisure hours,) may be found not wholly void of instruction and entertainment, I shall no longer trespass on your patience, my *dear young pupil*, but hasten to release your attention, by subscribing myself

Your affectionate Tutor,

*Pullin's Row, Islington,
December 25, 1800.*

J. EVANS.

CURIOUS AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT JOURNAL.

WHEREAS at particular times I may importune my friends, and others, to let me have liquor, which is hurtful to me and detrimental to society:

This is therefore to forbid all persons selling or letting me have any liquor of any kind, on any account or pretence whatever; for if they do, I will *positively* prosecute them, notwithstanding any promise I make to the contrary at the time they let me have it.

*New Haven,
September 16, 1800.*

WM. SPENCE

THE DRAMA.

"Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

POPE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Nov. 20. **S**HAKESPEARE's revived tragedy of **KING JOHN**, was this evening brought forward to a numerous and splendid audience. *Kemble*, as the representative of King John, played with peculiar elegance; in characters of this cast he is always successful. *Mrs. Powell*, in Constance, is entitled to much praise. The Hubert of *Barrymore* was one of the most correct and judicious performances of this very useful actor. The characters generally allotted this gentleman, do not always afford him an opportunity of displaying that talent of which he is so ably possessed; few could witness his Hubert without confessing it a fine piece of acting. *Charles Kemble*, in Faulconbridge, evinced great judgment, and exerted himself with manly force and dignity; it is a part well suited to his abilities, and he never appeared to more advantage. His late rapid improvements show that he has carefully availed himself of the very favourable opportunities he has had of improving himself under the able tuition of his brother.

DEC. 6. In the after-piece of the **SULTAN**, this evening, a young lady made her first appearance on this stage in the part of Roxalana, and received very favour-

able testimonies of approbation : had her performance possessed a little more spirit, it certainly would have approached nearer the character intended by the author ; a defect of this kind is, however, very excusable in a young performer. Her countenance is very pleasing, and her figure light, but particularly elegant.

DEC. 10. Their Majesties, for the first time this season, attended this theatre—the performances were **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL**, and **OF AGE TOMORROW** ; the house displayed an ample assemblage of fine company, and the performances throughout were correct and spirited.

DEC. 13. A tragedy, called **ANTONIO ; OR THE SOLDIER'S RETURN**, was brought forward this evening for the first and last time. The plot is uninteresting and miserably defective, and the incidents improbable and unsatisfactory.

The dialogue is tediously long, and in many parts pompous and unmeaning. The author does not appear to have the least knowledge of stage effect, and in point of morality has no claim to patronage. The only scene deserving notice was in the fourth act, between *Mr. Kemble* and *Mrs. Siddons*, whose performance was admirable. The displeasure of the audience was so strongly testified towards the conclusion of the piece, that scarcely a word of the last act could be heard. The prologue informed us the play was the first essay of a gentleman unknown to the stage. This it was no hard matter to discover ; but, judging from this specimen of his dramatic talents, we would advise him to remain unknown.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

MR. COOKE, whose first appearance in Richard was noticed, has since repeated the character with considerable success, and indeed improvement. The same may be said of his performance of Shylock. He has, likewise, appeared in Sir Archy Macsarcasm, in LOVE-A-LA-MODE, and Iago in OTHELLO; in both he acquitted himself with wonderful ability, and was received with the most deserved and universal applause.

NOV. 15. First time a musical drama from the successful pen of young *Dibdin*, called IL BONDOCANI; it is taken from the new Arabian Tales—the plot, laid at Bagdad, is as follows:

“The Calaph of Bagdad disappointed in his love for Selima, who is carried away from his haram, disguises himself, and under the assumed name of Il Bondocani, mixes with his subjects, in search of a lady worthy to share his throne; in his search Dorina, the daughter of Gebib, a man of reduced fortune, wins his affections. She is admired by Hassan, a coxcomb lord of the court, who, finding her father will not favour his dishonourable designs upon her, determines to arrest him for debt. Abdallah, the son of Gebib, hearing that a large reward was offered for the discovery of the person who violated the Haram, with a view to extricate his father, declares himself the offender, and receives the reward. In the mean time the Caliph in disguise, discovers the infamy of Hassan, and also of the Cadi, or supreme judge, whom the former bribes to his purpose, for which the Cadi is committed to prison. The supposed violater of the haram is then brought before the Caliph, and confronted with Selima, who was apprehended after her escape. In him she recognizes her lover, and insists upon his innocence. The Caliph will not, however, be

convinced, until the father of Selima appears, and acknowledges that he was the person who carried off his daughter. The *dénouement* consists in his pardon—the union of Selima and Abdallah, and also that of the Caliph and Dorina.

This, like all the productions of this author, abounds with humour, wit, and satire, and will, no doubt, answer the fullest expectations of the managers and author. *Fawcett*, as the Cadi, displayed “his usual excellence.” *Emery*’s Gebib was a very good performance; he is an useful and deserving actor. *Hill*, as Abdallah, sung very correct and well. *Farley* in Hassan, gave all the insignificance requisite for the character; and *Mrs. Mills* and *Miss Dickson*, as Dorina and Selima, exerted themselves with great success; the former in her Turkish dance displayed real ability and taste.

The music is the joint composition of *Attwood* and *Moorhead*, and possesses many original movements. The overture is a charming piece of music, and the whole reflects infinite credit on the composers.

The scenery and dresses are appropriate and very grand, and the piece has been got up with great care and liberality.

DEC. 5. This evening *Mr. Cooke* performed, for the first time at this theatre, the character of Macbeth, in which he, as usual, evinced an original conception, and gave many passages with great effect; a want of dignity (which in fact is one of this actor’s principal defects) was occasionally perceptible, and though a very respectable performance, was certainly inferior to his former representations. *Mrs. Litchfield*, as Lady Macbeth, is entitled to much praise; and *Mr. Pope*’s Macduff was a correct and excellent performance.

Barnard’s Inn.

7. C***

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR DECEMBER, 1800.

THE OLD MANSION HOUSE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

STRANGER.

OLD friend ! why you seem bent on parish duty,
Breaking the highway stones—and 'tis a task
Somewhat too hard, methinks, for age like yours.

OLD MAN.

Why yes ! for one with such a weight of years
Upon his back. I've lived here, man and boy,
In this same parish, near the age of man,
For I am hard upon threescore and ten.
I can remember, sixty years ago,
The beautifying of this mansion here,
When my late Lady's father, the old Squire,
Came to the estate.

STRANGER.

Why then you have outlasted
All his improvements, for you see they're making
Great alterations here.

OLD MAN.

Aye—great indeed!
And if my poor old Lady could rise up—
God rest her soul! 'twould grieve her to behold
The wicked work is here.

STRANGER.

They've set about it
In right good earnest. All the front is gone;
Here's to be the turf they tell me, and a road
Round to the door. There were some yew trees too
Stood in the court.

OLD MAN.

Aye, master! fine old trees!
My grandfather could just remember back
When they were planted there. It was my task
To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a pleasure to me!
All straight and smooth, and like a great green wall!
My poor old Lady many a time would come
And tell me where to sheer, for she had play'd
In childhood under them, and 'twas her pride
To keep them in their beauty. Plague, I say,
On their new fangled whimsies! we shall have
A modern shrubbery here stuck full of firs
And your pert poplar trees;—I could as soon
Have ploughed my father's grave as cut them down!

STRANGER.

But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now,
A fine smooth turf, and with a gravel road
Round for the carriage—now it suits my taste.
I like a shrubbery too, it looks so fresh,
And then there's some variety about it.
In spring the lilach and the Gueldres rise,
And the laburnum, with its golden flowers
Waving in the wind. And when the autumn comes
The bright red berries of the mountain-ash,
With firs enough in winter to look green,

And show that something lives. Sure this is better
Than a green hedge of yew, that makes it look
All the year round like winter, and for ever
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under bough,
So dry and bare !

OLD MAN.

Ah ! so the new Squire thinks,
And pretty work he makes of it ! what 'tis
To have a stranger come to an old house !

STRANGER.

It seems you know him not ?

OLD MAN.

No, sir, not I.
They tell me he's expected daily now,
But in my Lady's time he never came
But once, for they were very distant kin,
If he had played about when a child
In that fore-court, and eat the yew berries,
And sat in the porch threading the jessamine flowers
That fell so thick, he had not the heart
To mar all thus.

STRANGER.

Come—come ! all is not wrong.
Those old dark windows——

OLD MAN.

They're demolish'd too—
As if he could not see thro' casement glass !
The very red-breasts, that so regular
Came to my Lady for her morning crumbs,
Won't know the window now !

STRANGER.

Nay, they were high,
And then so darken'd up with jessamine,

Harbouring the vermin ;—that was a fine tree
However. Did it not grow in and line
The porch ?

OLD MAN.

All over it : it did one good
To pass within ten yards when 'twas in blossom.
There was a sweet-briar too that grew beside.
My Lady lov'd an evening to sit there
And knit ; and her old dog lay at her feet
And slept in the sun ; 'twas an old favourite dog,
She did not love him less that he was old
And feeble, and he always had a place
By the fire side, and when he died at last,
She made me dig a grave in the garden for him.
Ah ! she was good to all ! a woeful day
'Twas for the poor when to the grave she went !

STRANGER.

They lost a friend, then ?

OLD MAN.

You're a stranger here,
Or would not ask that question. Were they sick,
She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs,
She could have taught the doctors. Then at winter,
When weekly she distributed the bread
In the poor old porch, to see her and to hear
The blessings on her ! and I warrant them
They were a blessing to her when her wealth
Had been no comfort else. At CHRISTMAS, sir !
It would have warmed your heart if you had seen
Her Christmas kitchen—how the blazing fire
Made her fine pewter shine, and holly boughs
So cheerful red ; and, as for misletoe,
The finest bough that grew in the country round,
Was mark'd for madam. Then her old ale went
So bountiful about ! a CHRISTMAS cask,
And 'twas a noble one ! God help me, sir !
But I shall never see such days again.

STRANGER.

Things may be better yet than you suppose,
And you should hope the best.

OLD MAN.

It don't look well
These alterations, sir! I'm an old man,
And love the good old fashions; we don't find
Old bounty in new houses. They've destroyed
All that my Lady loved; her favourite walk
Grub'd up, and they do say that the great row
Of elms behind the house, that meet a-top,
They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think
To live to see all this, and tis, perhaps,
A comfort I shan't live to see it long.

STRANGER.

But sure all changes are not needs for the worse,
My friend?

OLD MAN.

Mayhap they mayn't, sir; for all that
I like what I've been us'd to. I remember
All this from a child up, and now I love it,
'Tis losing an old friend. There's nothing left
As 'twas. I go abroad, and only meet
With men whose fathers I remember boys;
The brook that used to run before my door,
That's gone to the great pond; the trees I learnt
To climb are down; and I see nothing now
That tells me of old times, except the stones
In the church-yard. You are young, sir, and I hope
Have many years in store—but pray to God,
You mayn't be left the last of all your friends.

STRANGER.

Well! well! you've one friend more than you're aware of.
If the Squire's taste don't meet with your's, I warrant
That's all you'll quarrel with: walk in and taste

His beer, old friend ! and see if your old Lady
 E'er broached a better cask. You did not know me,
 But we're acquainted now. 'Twould not be easy
 To make you like the outside ; but *within*—
 That is not changed, my friend ! you'll always find
 The same old bounty and old welcome there.

ON THE

DEATH OF MASTER JOHN HOVATT,

WHO DIED MARCH 25, 1794, AGED THREE YEARS AND
 EIGHT MONTHS.

Tears will not water the lovely plant so as to cause it to grow
 again ; sighs will not give it new breath, nor can we furnish
 it with life and spirits by the waste of our own.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S ESSAYS.

A DIEU, dear sufferer ! 'scap'd from earth and gone
 To share the conquest by the Saviour won ;
 Sweet blooming innocent, transplanted home,
 Where pain, and grief, and sorrow ne'er can come :
 Unstain'd by moral ill, thine infant span
 Attains the goal soon as thy race began :
 The lisping prattle that attun'd thy tongue,
 Now swells the music of angelic song ;
 Thy beauteous form receives a brighter hue,
 And angels bright behold themselves in you.
 Enraptur'd with the pure seraphic fire,
 Thy plausive hands sweep o'er the golden lyre ;
 Thy voice, harmonious to th' accordant strings,
 Resounds salvation to the King of kings ;
 There, Jesu's breast secures from every harm,
 His countenance enlivens ev'ry charm,
 Whilst thou with cherubs pure above inroll'd
 Among the lambs of the Redeemer's fold ;
 Mature you rise, a safe repose to gain,
 A spotless virgin * in his dazzling train.

* Revelations, chap. xiv ver. 4.

But, O forgive our sympathetic tear,
We dare not wish to have detain'd thee here,
The various ills of life to undergo,
A lot of sorrow, pain, and grief to know;
Rather the gracious providence we own,
And say, "O Lord, thy will, not ours, be done!"

O may our Jesus e'er ~~we~~ hence remove,
Fill up our souls with innocence and love;
Then shall we hail thee on th' eternal shore,
And clasp thee in our arms—to part—no more!

*On the much lamented Death of the late John Hanbury, Esq. of Pontypool, in the County of Monmouth, M. P **

BY A YOUTH.

WEEP now ye hills, ye vales in tears be drown'd!
Ye tow'ring oaks in mournful silence stand!
While glitt'ring streams in murmurs as they roll,
Convey your sorrows to a distant land!
For Hanbury's dead! how solemn strikes the sound
No more his honour'd footsteps we behold,
That cheerful tongue which scatter'd joys around,
In death's dark cave lies motionless and cold.
How frail this life! and did the patriot die,
Belov'd by more than ancient kings could boast?
Must his endearing name forgotten lie?
Will all his honours moulder with his dust?
He died. But still alive his nobler fame,
To unborn ages shall his worth proclaim,
Domestic happiness how great his care!
And public welfare all his glorious aim!
In Pontypool's fair mansion lov'd he liv'd,
In judging cautious, in decision just;
Though Norman lands were honour'd when he died,
No Gallic vault was worthy of his dust;

* He died at Rouen in Normandy, 5th April, 1784; but before the news reached England, was a fourth time elected Knight of the shire for the county of Monmouth.

But Trevethin's hallow'd pile. In peace profound,
 With his great ancestors he slumbring lies ;
 And when the resurrection trump shall sound,
 May angels pinions waft him through the skies !
 May the same pow'r that shook his mortal frame,
 Preserve his offspring and their rights defend !
 May Pontypool e'er value Hanbury's name,
 And Monmouthshire its *member* and its *friend* !

Pontypool.

T. THOMAS.

SEA VIEWS.

A CALM.

COME, my Cleora ! let us taste the sweets
 Of closing day, and from this wave-worn beach
 Survey the scenes around. See o'er those hills,
 Which to the east their verdant ramparts lift,
 A satellite, the harbinger of eve,
 Like thee mild beaming ! Ocean there pursues
 His silver-winding course. Fled are the spells
 Of wild romance, the words of mystic power,
 That erst, O Mona, echoed through thy groves—
 Else should I deem some wizard's gifted wand
 Had charm'd the winds to sleep—his fiat bade
 All nature hold a solemn pause !—But hark !
 What witchery of sound, what sudden tones
 Captive the sense ? 'Tis the wild murmuring
 Of yonder circling waves. A lofty swell
 Now breaks upon the ear—'tis heard no more—
 Another yet succeeds—again it melts
 Into a dying fall. Lo ! o'er the deep
 Is flung a changeful robe, rich with the hues
 Of Iris, from the sun's fast waning fires
 Sweetly reflected, that one boundless stream
 Of soften'd glory pour !—How beauteous rise,
 Inverted, headlands sprent with snowy flocks,
 Dark frowning woods, o'er canopying sky
 And mansions fair ! It seems as though a world,
 Resembling ours, were pillar'd on the waves !

But the rough oar, while flashing on the view,
 Dispers the vision fancy lov'd to form,
 And breaks the level of the mirror'd scene.
 Such was the hour, methinks, so calm, of old
 As sung the muse, when Dionæa, queen
 Of tremulous desire, soft beauty's self,
 Her ivory limbs unveil'd, from coral depths
 Of glassy ocean, Nereid like up-sprung!

Lynn.

W. CASE, JUN.

A TEMPEST.

FAREWELL, Cleora! Ne'er to fickle skies
 A frame so tender trust. Thou too farewell,
 O roseate eve! Thy brief, brief reign is o'er—
 Foul change awaits; else why, ye planets! veil
 Your beamy tresses in Cimmerian clouds,
 That deepening fold on fold, an awful train,
 Eclipse heaven's ample concave?—Not a sound,
 Save at long intervals the sea-mew's clang,
 Floats through the void of air. Ah, dread portent!
 Silence short-liv'd! for now the sullen blast
 Flaps his hoarse pennons o'er the heaving main,
 Marshals the billows from their channel'd depths,
 And bids them do their worst. The billows hear
 The stern behest—now toss aloft their spray,
 (A watry pyramid!)—now headlong rush
 Into a yawning chaos, that below
 Terrific whirls! Say, ye rebellious hosts
 Of father Neptune! ye, whose gulphing roar
 Stuns the affrighted, listening ear of night,
 Where now your solemn music, that erewhile
 Stole on the sense most sweetly?—where the hues,
 Reflected from the sun's more gorgeous throne,
 That gleam'd erewhile upon your placid breast?
 All, all are vanish'd far!—Mercy, sweet heaven!
 Lo! from the womb of yon slow labouring cloud
 Bursts the fork'd sulphur, and athwart the gloom

Wings its flamed path ! Hark to the thunder's voice,
 Abrupt, hollow-howling, crash answering crash !
 Trembles old ocean through his oozy caves,
 As if within him he possess'd a soul,
 That shrunk with very fear !—And couldst thou once
 In dimpling smiles thy churly nature mask,
 Thou hoary Proteus ? Ah ! how like the world !
 It too can smile—can smile but to betray.

Lynn.

W. CASE, JUN.

CHANGE.

[From Fawcett's Poems.]

NOW while of *human life*—the fading grace
 Calls the sad dew down musing pity's face;
 Soon dries the eye which smiling reason guides
 To HIM who o'er this *shifting scene* presides,
 Immortal king ! from all mutation free !
 Whose endless being ne'er began to be ;
 Who ne'er was nothing, who was ever all,
 Whose kingdom did not rise and cannot fall,
 On a mysterious throne high rais'd above,
 E'en the fair change which heavenly orders prove !
 While their bright excellence progressive grew,
 He perfect now ne'er imperfection knew !
 Er'e worlds began with boundless goodness blest,
 Ne'er needing to be better—always best !
 The pensive muse, who thus a mournful sigh
 Hath paid to stars that fall, and flowers that die,
 While the short glories, brief as fair she mourns,
 To HIM the great ENDURER, joyful turns.
 Glad she adores, deprest by gloomy wanes,
 That undecreasing LIGHT who all ordains ;
 On HIM she leans, reliev'd from withering things,
 And his immortal counsel raptur'd sings :
 That scheme of good, which all that dies survives,
 What e'er decays for ever fair that thrives,
 Whose progress adverse fates and prosperous chance,
 Virtue and vice, and good and ill advance :
 Which draws new splendour from all mortal gloom,
 Which all that fades but feeds with riper bloom ;

Each human fall but props, each fall succeeds,
And all that fancy deems obstruction speeds.
In nature's beauteous frame, as cold and heat,
And moist, and dry, and light and darkness meet;
Harmonious in the moral system—join
Pleasure and pain, and glory, and decline.

TO MY SISTER AMELIA, WITH SOME PAINTED
FLOWERS.

TO you, dear Amelia, a keep-sake I'll send too,
But I am poor—for which reason 'twill not be worth
much;
Yet if *you* will value the trifling memento,
Let others despise it—I'll care not a rush.
Here's a basket of flowers—they're of my own painting,
Perhaps in your esteem this may give them a lift;
And with them some verses, most kindly acquainting
My sister with the use she may make of the gift.
You may learn from these flowers how short-liv'd is beauty,
And from pride's soft encroachments be set on your guard;
While you strive in a course of affection and duty,
That plaudit to gain which is virtue's reward.
These flowers so gay, adorn even the basket,
Which, exclusive of them, no notice obtains;
Make your *mind* a rich jewel—and your body the casket,
Shall a value derive from the gem it contains.
Your surrounding acquaintance shall almost adore you,
If from these flowery lessons you do not depart;
Think kindly of her then, who painted them for you,
And reserve for Maria a place in your heart.
50, *Wellclose-square*.

ANNA MARIA.

THINK OF THE POOR.

WHEN winter's bleak and piercing winds
Blow furiously around;
And griping frost benumbs the limbs,
And strongly binds the ground;

M m 2

When boist'rous storms war in the air,
 And fierce and loud do roar;
 And show'rs of chilling snow descend—
 Think of the starving poor.

What pure delight may be enjoy'd,
 By ye who wealth possess;
 For wealth gives you the envy'd pow'r,
 The child of want to bless!
 Then let not mis'ry crave in vain
 For pity at your door;
 But with humane and gen'rous hearts
 Relieve the wretched poor:

With willing hand apply a balm
 To each corroding wound—
 The naked clothe—the hungry feed—
 In these true joy is found:
 They're also pleasing to our God,
 And regist' red in heav'n;
 Which far, in worth, exceeds all wealth,
 That e'er to man was giv'n.

Pontefract.

W. E. MERRITON.

LINES

Written after an agreeable Conversation with a Young Lady.

SWEET is the melting softness of the flute,
 And sweet the warb'lings feather'd songsters make;
 But neither birds, nor flagellet, nor lute,
 Can please me when I hear Serena speak.

Her voice melodious falls upon the ear,
 The heart, responsive, owns its influence too;
 Ah! tis the unison that makes it dear,
 And he who feels it, knows it to be true.

Such soft sensations only touch the heart
 Attun'd to follow nature's gentlest laws;
 And while a pensive pleasure they impart,
 The half-concealed sigh explains the cause.

Portsea.

T. W.

Literary Review.

Alfred, an Epic Poem, in Twenty-four Books. By Joseph Cottle. Longman and Rees. 1l. 1s.

ALFRED has been pronounced by the unanimous voice of ages, the most illustrious of the British kings. He, in a dark and barbarous age, taught many interesting branches of science, and secured to his people the inestimable blessings of peace and liberty. With the Danes, the inveterate foe of Britain, he maintained a long and bloody contest; at last, however, he succeeded in the expulsion of them, having been previously subject to the alternate conditions of defeat and victory.

Mr. Cottle has shewn great skill in the choice of his subject; and it cannot fail of interesting, in a considerable degree, the feelings of Britons. Many remarkable parts of our early history are here introduced, and the poet has deviated as little as possible into the regions of fiction. In this he has done right; indeed, excepting the first book, which is founded on the Danish mythology, the whole poem may be said to accord with the sober page of history.

Alfred the King, *Alswitha* the Queen, *Oddune* Earl of Devon, *Sigbert* Abbot of Wilton, *Ceolric* the Neat-herd, and *Acca* his wife, are the SAXON characters. The DANISH are three, *Ivar* and *Hubba*, sons of *Regner Lodbrog*, King of Denmark, who was murdered by *Ella* King of Northumberland, together with *Guthrum*, an old Danish General of tried valour and in-

tegrity. The characteristical qualities of these several personages are well preserved, and the loss of *Alswi-tha* and her child creates a lively interest throughout the whole of the poem, which ends with *their* discovery, and with *Alfred's* entire victory over the enemies of his country !

The first book pourtrays the visit of *Ivar* to the *Witch*, previous to his entering on the expedition against Britain ; this story is, in the highest degree, terrible. The ghost of a mariner, whom he slays on the sea shore, accompanies him to the dreary abode ! The gashing wound often flashes on the eye of the murderer, and serves to relieve the thick darkness by which they are environed. He descends into the earth by means of snakes, which he is called upon to grasp, and the *Witch* he finds lying in a large coffin, amidst her horrid and frightful attendants !

But we now proceed to select specimens of this very pleasing and instructive poem. The humbled and disguised condition of *Alfred* in the cottage is thus detailed :

“ The morning sun magnificent
Now rose, sending his winged harbingers,
Mantled in glory, to illumine new climes,
And rouse new hearts, whilst heaven's circumference,
Glow'd hotter as the Lord of Day advanced.
Wide was the blaze ; when ALFRED, starting up,
Saw, glad of heart, a cottage, at the spot
Where on the eve the doubtful light had shone.
Slow he approach'd and knock'd.

A voice within,
In shrill and fretful tone inquired the cause ;
When to the door a woman came and cried,
“ What led thee hither ? man ! whom seekest thou ? ”
“ I ask for bread,” said ALFRED, “ long these feet,
“ Weary, have toiled o'er neighbouring hill and moor ;
“ Nor have I tasted aught of food, save here and there
“ Some scattered berries. Give thy servant bread,
“ And let him dwell awhile beneath thy roof :

"What service in return these hands can do,
 "Shall be well done and cheerfully."

When thus

The angry woman. "Ill can I provide
 "For others' wants, yet as a homeless man
 "I must not spurn thee. Here shalt thou remain
 "Two only days*; we cannot feed thee more,
 "For ACCA and CEOLRIC earn with toil
 "Their daily bread."

"Hast thou no constant work

"For one who well will serve thee?" "None," she cried.
 "But what canst thou perform? canst fell a tree?
 "Or build a hut, or shed? or shape the thong†?"
 "Neither," the King replied, "but I have heart
 "And will to serve thee in what way I can."
 "But what way is't?" said ACCA, "canst thou sow?
 "Or reap? or milk the kine? or use the spade?"
 "Oh, no," replied the King, "but I can learn."
 Said ACCA, "Learn!—thou art a helpless drone,
 "Where hast thou lived? canst spin? or shear the sheep?
 "Or mend the fishing-net? canst carry wood?"
 "Aye that I can do," cried the King, with joy;
 "For I have strength enough." "Well, take thy food,"
 Said ACCA, "enter in, and mind my words,
 "Whate'er I tell thee."

* Alfred having divided the inhabitants into tithings, hundreds, &c. ordained that every free-man should belong to some tithing, and in order that this regulation might not be violated, enacted a law by which all persons were prevented, under severe penalties, from entertaining a stranger more than *two days*. This law, amongst the Saxons, when the intercourse between different parts of the country was very limited, produced many advantages, although it might not be applicable to a more improved state of society.

† Before the discovery of flax and hemp, thongs or strips of skin were used instead of cord. This even extended to the rigging of ships, whose ropes and cables were made of thongs. The Danes commonly used the skin of the whale for this purpose.

Many days had pass'd
 In this new dwelling, and a nobler pile
 Of turf or stubble, never from the fields
 Was borne by mortal man, than ALFRED bore.
 And often in the woods, from tree to tree
 He climb'd, to gain some limb, whose tempting shape
 Half form'd the bow; for, to his ardent eye,
 It seem'd to court attention, and to plead,
 Almost, for power to hurl the missile dart
 Fierce on the Danes.

The monarch's restless mind
 Yet ill could brook the low employments claim'd
 From servitude; his busy fancy ran
 O'er coming years; his faithful subjects' wrongs,
 And on the means best suited to support
 A tottering crown. ACCA perceiv'd full oft
 The wayward man pursuing fancies wild,
 Regardless of the charge of household sort
 Committed to him. Often, bitter words
 She heaped, and hard reproaches, till at length
 Her voice grew louder, when, the cottage door
 Burst open, and the master entered in,—
 CEOLRIC.

“Wife! what moves thy wrath?” he cried.
 “Whom hast thou 'neath our roof? I know him not,”
 When, turning to the King, he viewed him well.
 ACCA replied, “It is a friendless man
 “Who sought our dwelling, and petition'd hard,
 “For food and service, in thy absence; I,
 “Too readily o'ercome by pity, stood
 “And heard his tale; who having promised fair
 “To do the servant's office, him I took,
 “But never came within a door, a man
 “More thoughtless, or perversely bent on dreams
 “Bewilder'd. Many an hour he sits and hums
 “About old CEDMAN*, and then stops and frowns

* An old Saxon poet, to whose writings ALFRED was greatly attached. “Though the English began to apply to learning in the former part of the seventh century, yet it was near the conclusion of it before any of them acquired much

“ At something in the air ; then rises up,

“ And walks with stately mien, then sits again,

literary fame. Aldheim, a near relation, if not the nephew of Ina, King of the West Saxons, was the first who did so. Having received the first part of his education in the school which one Macdulf, a learned Scot, had set up in the place where Malmesbury now stands, he travelled into France and Italy for his improvement. At his return, he studied some time under Adrian, Abbot of St. Augustine's in Canterbury, the most learned professor of the sciences who had ever been in England. In these different seminaries, he acquired a very uncommon stock of knowledge, and became famous for his learning, not only in England, but in foreign countries; whence several learned men sent him their writings for his perusal and correction; particularly Prince Arcivil, a son of the King of Scotland, who wrote many pieces, which he sent to Aldheim, “intreating him to give them their last polish by rubbing off their Scotch rust.” He was the first Englishman who wrote in the Latin language, both in prose and verse, and composed a book for the instruction of his countrymen in the prosody of that language. Besides this, he wrote several other treatises on different subjects, some of which are lost, and others published by Martin, Delrio, and Canisius. Venerable Bede, who flourished in the end of this, and beginning of the next century, gives the following character of Aldheim, “He was a man of universal erudition, having an elegant style, and being wonderfully well acquainted with books, both on philosophical and religious subjects.” ALFRED used to say that Aldheim was the best of all the Saxon poets, and that a favourite song, which was universally sung in his time, near two hundred years after its author's death, was of his composition. When he was Abbot of Malmesbury, having a fine voice and great skill in music as well as poetry, and observing the backwardness of his barbarous countrymen to listen to grave instructions, he composed a number of little poems, which he sang to them after mass in the sweetest manner, by which they were gradually instructed and civilized. After this excellent man had governed the monastery of Malmesbury, of which he was the founder, about thirty years, he was made bishop of Sherborne, where he died, A. D. 709.

" And shaves his bow, or with more furious eye,
 " Gazes in vacancy. In truth, I think
 " The man half mad, for not an hour ago,
 " The household cakes thou seest yonder, burnt
 " And smoking on the hearth, I to him gave,
 " And with strict charge, and caution often told,
 " Warn'd him to turn, and with due care preserve
 " From scorching heat; when to the fields I sped,
 " And, after certain time return'd. With joy
 " The door I open'd—As I look'd around,
 " There on his wicker chair he sat, his eyes
 " Fix'd on the floor, his knife beside, while near
 " Lay many a half form'd bow. But, sad to tell!
 " My cakes, for thy return, prepared to shew
 " A wife's affection, lay involved in smoke!
 " Burnt to a coal! and this great loon at hand,
 " Unmindful. Dost thou hear?" she cried,
 And stamp'd her foot, and, with indignant ire,
 Vow'd oft and bitterly, no other food
 His lips should touch, till he had eaten all
 The black burnt cakes.

The following speech of Alfred to his troops is highly expressive of his character :

After a moment's pause, ALFRED replied :
 " Before you go, I know that you will hear,
 " Patient, your monarch." Round they all approach'd,
 When thus he spake.

" Subjects ! tho' absent long,
 " I have been planning for you, and am now
 " Returning in your cause. The hand of God
 " We all have felt, but let us not despair,
 " And we shall conquer. Think how Saxons met,
 " In former times, the Caledonian host,
 " Fierce from their snowy mountains ! Think again,
 " How we, undaunted, faced that daring man—
 " ROLLO the Norman, when upon our coast
 " His navy rode, and less than British heart
 " Had awed—such was his might ; but in our strength
 " We dared him, and the robber chieftain fled
 " To ravage weaker climes. So shall the foe,

" That now assaults us, flee. Before the wrath
 " Of injured Saxons, weak the hostile spear
 " And weak the hand that guides it. Ills may rise,
 " Many, and threaten to destroy our race,
 " The very name of Saxon, but, the day—
 " The glorious day of triumph now draws near.
 " There is a point in human wretchedness
 " Beyond whose bound, the wretched cannot feel,
 " And nothing here is lasting. We have felt,
 " Each that before me stands, that prostrate state,
 " That absence of all hope, and we may now
 " Look on to happier times. Cheer up brave men !
 " The king whom you have served, and by whose side,
 " Met the fierce fight undaunted, now demands
 " Your further aid—fearless, attend your prince,
 " And let him lead you on to victory.
 " At hand is my resort, Selwood, where dwell
 " A valiant host of Saxons like yourselves !—
 " Your brethren meet ! Friends, if the name you own,
 " Will you forsake me ? seek inglorious flight ?
 " Have I thus fought and suffered, now to hear
 " The voice of disobedience ?—now to find
 " A coward's heart in Saxon ? am I doom'd
 " To reign, but not to rule, and at this hour
 " Behold you shun the fight ? it cannot be !
 " Some fiend hath spread the calumny, the sound
 " Came from the air, for never English tongue
 " Dealt in such words.

" My subjects ! I have long
 " Endured a weighty burden, I have lived,
 " Goaded with cares, that filled my mind by day,
 " And when night came, assumed a character
 " Ten-fold more fearful. What have I sustain'd
 " These ill's for ?—to support a crazy crown ?
 " For what have I defied the elements,
 " And bared my head and 'mid the hottest strife
 " Mix'd evermore ?—to guard the name of king ?
 " Thou know'st, oh heart ! that now art beating high,
 " Thou know'st it was not ! No, these feet have toil'd,
 " This mind hath ponder'd, and this head endured
 " Life's crushing cares for nobler purposes !—

" Whom have you dared the fight for ? for your king ?
 " To save yourselves ? or, hurl destruction's brand
 " Fierce on the Danes ? No, nobler views were yours !
 " You fought for liberty ! you fought to save
 " All that is dear in life—your peaceful homes,
 " Your helpless sires, your wives, your innocents !
 " And, not for these alone, but, distant heirs—
 " For generations yet unborn, the race
 " Of future Saxons, down to farthest time !
 " Who, oft as they shall hear what we endured
 " To guard their rights, the precious blood we shed
 " To make their lives secure, and bid the form
 " Of holy freedom rise, engirt with flowers
 " That dare the breath of time, shall look to heaven,
 " And with no common fervour, bless the names
 " Of us their great forefathers, who for them,
 " Endured but triumph'd—suffer'd but obtain'd,—
 " Now boldly I advance to meet the foe !
 " And you whose hearts shrink with the coward's fear,
 " Turn not to me ! haste to your safe retreat,
 " And joy, if joy you can, when far away,
 " To think of those who suffer'd from your flight,
 " To think for what your brethren fought and died."

ALFRED his sword unsheath'd, the scabbard cast
 Far in the air, and singly march'd along.—
 All follow'd, shouting, " Death or victory !"

There are many other passages of equal merit, with which we have been delighted. The savage fury of Hubba—the burning of the Danish fleet—the patient suffering of Alswitha—the feigned insanity of Alfred when he visited the Danish camp as an harper, together with the simplicity of the cottagers, are drawn with a masterly pencil. For our own part, we honestly confess, that we read the whole poem with uncommon pleasure. Mr. COTTLE, in his preface, expresses himself with modesty concerning its merits ; but we hesitate not to declare that, take it all in all, it is, to an inhabitant of Britain, by far the most interesting and instructive *epic poem* of modern times.

The Substance of the Holy Scriptures methodized, and arranged in such a Manner as to compose a Bible peculiarly adapted to the Purposes of Family Worship; to every Lesson is subjoined an appropriate Hymn, and, in proper places, Chronological and other Tables are inserted. By the Reverend Edmund Butcher. Numbers 1, 2, and 3. 1s. each. To be completed in Twenty Numbers, delivered Weekly. Symonds.

MR. Butcher, the author of an excellent volume of *Sermons for Families*, which we some time ago introduced to the notice of our readers, has here again devoted his talents to the instruction and improvement of his fellow creatures.

In this age of infidelity daring attacks have been made on the sacred writings; not only, therefore, are *apologies for the Bible* acceptable, but an endeavour to render its contents subservient to the interests of practical religion is certainly deserving of the most liberal encouragement.

From the *prospectus* of this work, and the *numbers* before us, we are happy to declare that the plan seems admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended.

The Old and New Testament are divided into *historical, prophetic, consolatory, and doctrinal* lessons, accompanied with a scriptural improvement. A *hymn* also is added to each lesson, which puts it into the power of the devout reader to introduce into his family a delightful part of worship. So complete an arrangement must have cost the author much labour, and, we trust that his pains will be abundantly rewarded.

“*Useful tables and indexes*, which may contain much “information in a little space,” says Mr. Butcher, “will be interspersed, to render the volume, while it

“ preserves its grand characteristic of being a FAMILY
 “ BIBLE, not useless or unentertaining to the Christian
 “ student in his parlour or closet.”

A new and large Collection of Hymns and Psalms, selected from more than Forty different Authors; the whole being classed and arranged according to their respective Subjects. By John Deacon. Symonds.

MR. Deacon, a general baptist minister at Leicester, has, with commendable industry, made a selection of psalms and hymns, with which we are much pleased. They are rational and devout, of a moderate length, and on a very great variety of subjects. They are taken from the best poetical writers of every denomination, and will therefore, we hope, obtain an extensive circulation.

To use the author's own words, which are at once pleasingly expressive both of his liberality and piety :
 “ Many of the authors of these hymns differed widely
 “ in their religious creeds, yet *here* they are brought
 “ together, and unite in their songs of praise to the
 “ living and true God. Happy day ! when the disci-
 “ ples of Jesus shall see eye to eye ! How sweet and
 “ sacred the harmony, when *all* shall form one assem-
 “ bly, and unite their hearts and voices in hymns of
 “ never-ending praise !”

Reflections on the present State of Popery, compared with its former State, a Sermon, in Commemoration of the great Deliverances of Britain, in 1605 and 1688 ; preached at Salter's Hall, November 2, 1800, to the Supporters of the Lord's Day Evening Lecture at that Place, and published at their Request. By Robert Winter. Conder and Button. 1s.

THE attention of the theological world has been lately turned towards the consideration of Popery. This has chiefly arisen from the number of French priests who have taken up their residence amongst us, and from the circumstance that a protestant prelate has spoken favourably of their principles, which he ought to have held in detestation. But Mr. Winter has shown, with considerable ability, in the discourse before us, that notwithstanding these unfavourable appearances, protestants need not be alarmed—that the *antichristian monster* has received a deep wound, from which it cannot fully recover ; and that, therefore, we may pleasantly look forward to its extinction.

The whole sermon, indeed, is deserving of a serious perusal, and cannot fail of proving serviceable to the best interests of mankind.

Several years ago a *series of sermons* was preached at Salter's Hall, on the subject of popery, which are well worth attention. It is greatly to the praise of the dissenters, that *they*, in conjunction with some of the best ministers of the church of England, both in the last and present century, have exerted themselves for the extirpation of papistical errors, and for the diffusion of the protestant religion. So meritorious a conduct shall not lose its reward.

The Sequel to the Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World, being a Preservative against Infidelity and Uncharitableness, or Testimonies in Behalf of Christian Candour and Unanimity, by Divines of the Church of England, of the Kirk of Scotland, and among the Protestant Dissenters; to which is prefixed an Essay, on the Right of private Judgment in Matters of Religion. Third Edition, with a Portrait of the Author. By John Evans, A. M. Price 2s. 6d. sewed, or on Fine wove Paper, Hot pressed. 3s. 6d. Symonds.

THE title of this work sufficiently explains its nature and tendency. It is a necessary appendage to the *Sketch*, and ought, therefore, to accompany it. It is indeed printed of a size to bind up along with it, and finishes the plan of that publication.

On the important subject of practical religion, this little volume contains the substance of a library; for here the most distinguished divines give in their testimony, that *love to God* and *love to man*, independent of all abstruse questions and metaphysical speculations, constitute the essence of genuine Christianity.

The author in his *dedication* thus speaks for himself: "Nor can I conclude without expressing a hope
 "that *my own congregation*, and indeed that *all serious* and candid professors of Christianity, will derive
 "some benefit from the perusal of the following pages.
 "In these times of instability and of lukewarmness, *this selection* may serve to confirm their faith, to enliven
 "their hope and to invigorate their religious affections.
 "Here they will contemplate near *four score* servants
 "of Christ, men of talents, erudition, and sterling
 "piety (the mitred prelate, the plain presbyter, and the
 "still plainer quaker) appearing before the tribunal of
 "the public, and giving in their respective testimonies
 "in behalf of that sublime religion to which they in

“ common owed their dearest hopes and their choicest
 “ consolations. Though on earth they may have stood
 “ aloof from each other, distinguished by their little
 “ peculiarities, yet in that portion of their writings here
 “ introduced, impregnated with the unadulterated
 “ spirit of the gospel, they seem jointly to maintain,
 “ that to acknowledge *Christ to be the Son of God,*
 “ *and to love one another,* are the two primary arti-
 “ cles of our holy religion. Meeting each other on
 “ these evangelical principles; how gratifying is it to
 “ the best feelings of the heart, to realize their junction
 “ before the throne of God! *They, and all the true*
 “ *followers of Jesus Christ, of every sentiment and*
 “ *of every description, a multitude which no man can*
 “ *number, shall come from the north and from the*
 “ *south, from the east and from the west, and shall*
 “ *sit down with those illustrious patriarchs, Abraham,*
 “ *Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.* Ex-
 “ hilarating thought! transporting prospect! towards
 “ that august period may our eyes be steadily directed.
 “ For an union with that glorious assembly may we be
 “ prepared, *endeavouring* by every possible method to
 “ *keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.*”

Greenfield Hill, a Poem. By Timothy Dwight, D. D.
 Button. 2s. 6d.

THIS pleasing poem consists of seven parts—*The Prospect—The Flourishing Village—the Burning of Fairfield—the Destruction of the Pequods—the Clergyman's Advice to the Villagers—the Farmer's Advice to the Villagers—and, lastly, the Vision or Prospect of the future Happiness of America.* Greenfield Hill is a charming spot in Connecticut, one of the United States, and Dr. Dwight is already known to the public by his ingenious work, *the Conquest of Canaan*, which has been re-published in this country.

Though we do not rank this author among the first of poets, yet his genius and spirit entitle him to considerable attention. In the *Vision*, towards the close, occur the following expressive lines :

“ On this blue plain my eye shall *then* behold
 Earth's distant realms immingled sails unfold,
 Proud Europe's towers, her thunders laid asleep,
 Float in calm silence o'er the astonished deep;
 Peru, unfetter'd, lift her golden sails,
 And silken India waft on spicy gales;
 From death's dull shade awaken'd Afric rise,
 And roll the products of her sunny skies.
 Here shall they learn what manners bliss assure,
 What sway creates it, and what laws secure;
 See pride abash'd—the wolfish heart refin'd,
 Th' unfetter'd conscience and th' unpinion'd mind. ‘
 To human good all human efforts given,
 Nor war insult, nor bondage anger HEAVEN !
 No savage course of eastern glory run,
 Atchiev'd no conquest and no realm undone.”

Political Calumny refuted, addressed to the Inhabitants of Woodbridge, containing an Extract of a Sermon preached at Butley, on the Fast Day, 1793 ; a Sermon preached at Otley, on the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving on account of our Naval Victories ; and Solitary Musings in Verse, on the Being of a God, Providence, and the French Revolution. By the Reverend John Black. Robinsons.

WE have found nothing to censure but much to praise in the pamphlet before us. The author's sentiments, both political and religious, seem to be of the moderate cast, and his mind is strongly tinctured by devotion.

Essays on the Progress of the Vital Principle, from the Vegetable to the Animal Kingdoms, and the Soul of Man; introductory to Contemplations on Deity. By John Collier, Author of Essays on the Jewish History, 1791; and Familiar Essays on the Scriptures of the New Testament, 1797. Scarlet. Strand.

THE author of this work has distributed his subject into four essays. — The first on *Vegetable Life*—the next on *the Animal Kingdom and its Intelligence*—then on *the Soul of Man*; and, lastly, *Contemplations on the Supreme Being*. The whole appears to be written with ingenuity, and is rendered happily subservient by its plainness and simplicity to the great purposes of virtue and religion. We therefore recommend the publication to the particular notice and attention of the rising generation.

The British Tourist, or Traveller's Pocket Companion through England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, comprehending the most celebrated Towns in the British Islands. By William Mavor, L.L.D. Vol. VI. Newberry.

THE five former volumes of this work were, on their appearance, duly noticed in our Miscellany. The *sixth*, which has now just appeared, contains an abridgment of Pennant's Account of London—a Tour through Oxford, Cambridge, and the Bathing Places—together with a List of the most remarkable Places in England and Wales. We have been gratified with the perusal of these several articles, which are evidently drawn up with care and ability. It becomes young people of both sexes to be well acquainted with their native country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Love, by Anna Maria—the *Acrostic*, by Onas—*The Choice*—Mr. Selwyn's *three pieces*—*Thoughts on Peace*—*Sonnet to my Lyre*—*Elegy to the Memory of Four Young Ladies*—*Lines to a Lady on leaving England*, and Miss Jones's *Elegy*, shall receive due attention. But *Lines on Good Nature*—*Modern Marriages*, and the *two Epitaphs*, will not suit our MISCELLANY.

We have received a note from R. C. Bow Church-yard, asserting the lines which Mr. Case claimed, to be his own; it should however be recollected, that R. C. has not given his name to the public, whilst Mr. Case has openly avowed his right to the composition. But we must leave this matter to be settled between the two claimants themselves, we are tired of the subject. *The Tale of the Hermit*, and the *Criticism on Burns*, have been long ago left at No. 20, Paternoster-row.

We are much obliged to T. G. for his *Dramatical Sketches*, and hope he will continue them with equal ability. We will even allow him more ample room for his criticisms, and will thank him for them not later than the 20th of every month.

We cannot close the year without expressing our great obligation for the *increasing* patronage with which we are honoured. At the commencement of the ENSUING YEAR an attention will be paid to a few arrangements, suggested to us by an intelligent correspondent; the adoption of which will, we doubt not, render our work still more acceptable both to our numerous friends and to the public.

We trust all future communications will be marked by a *spirited brevity*.

